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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1925.

Correspondence

The Shakespeare Problem

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I very much regret that, owing to my absence from home, my attention was not called to Mr. C. M. Haines's letter in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of February last till it was too late for me to write a reply which might have been published in the following number.

I must tender my sincere apologies to Mr. C. M. Haines for having, by an inadvertence which, I need hardly say, I greatly regret, attributed to him one or two errors for which not he but a namesake of his is responsible.

It appears that, by a rather curious coincidence, there are two gentlemen, each bearing the name of "C. Haines," who are protagonists of the orthodox Stratfordian faith, but, unfortunately for me, the second initial of one of them is "R," while that of the other is "M," and I, unhappily, confused Mr. "C. R. Haines," of a certain *Quarterly Review* article, with Mr. "C. M. Haines" who wrote, under title "The Bacon Legend," in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of October last.

For this it is but just that I must do penance, nor do I for a moment grudge Mr. "C. M. Haines" his *tuquoque* about "the Gracchi complaining of sedition," though charitable critics will, perhaps, be of opinion that one instance of mistaken identity (which would not have occurred had the baptismal names of these gentlemen been given in either case) is not quite sufficient to brand a writer with the stigma of habitual inaccuracy.

Having said so much, however, as justice requires that I should, I must crave leave to say a word or two more concerning Mr. C. M. Haines's letter of February, in the course of which he writes as follows with reference to my article of January last: "Besides these and other misstatements [what these "other misstatements" are supposed to be is, unfortunately, not mentioned], *my arguments have been skilfully distorted for the purpose of controversy*" (italics mine).

Now to say, as Mr. C. M. Haines here does, that I have "skilfully distorted" his arguments "for the purpose of controversy" is to bring a direct charge of dishonesty against me. I reply at once that it is a false, and I had almost said a malicious, charge, the discredit of which must recoil upon him that has made it. In no case have I "distorted" Mr. C. M. Haines's arguments, whether "for the purpose of controversy" or otherwise.

But let us see what is the instance with which Mr. C. M. Haines presents his readers as an example of my alleged "skilful distortion" of his arguments.

He puts it thus: "Sir George proves that the mistake 'Delphos' was habitual even among scholars—but the mistake I quoted was 'the island of Delphos,' and the tacit suppression of the noun obviously alters the question; did Milton and Addison think Delphi stood on an island?"

Mr. C. M. Haines, therefore, gives it to be understood that he was quite aware that it was the common practice, even among scholars, from the time of Shakespeare to that of Queen Anne, to write "Delphos," but that "the mistake" *he* quoted, as made by Shakespeare, was not "Delphos," but "the island of Delphos" (as he now writes it), and that I had, with *malice prepense*, "suppressed the noun"!

Now in his article of October last, upon which I commented, Mr. C. M. Haines wrote: "The sea-coast of Bohemia and the island of 'Delphos' are well-known examples," to wit, of Shakespeare's inaccuracy. These words I quoted *verbatim*, and I would ask the reader to note that Mr. C. M. Haines carefully put the word "Delphos" alone within "inverted commas," thereby, of course, calling special attention to it, whereas he now complains that he quoted "the island of Delphos," as though he had distinguished those four words by quotation marks (which is not the fact), and says, moreover, quite untruly, that I had "suppressed the noun"! Of course, says he, in effect, I did not quote "Delphos" as an example of Shakespeare's inaccuracy, but *the island* of Delphos! Yet he had called special attention to the word "Delphos," and had left "the island" void of the quotation marks which he now inserts!

Moreover, he quotes "the sea-coast of Bohemia and the island of 'Delphos'" as "well-known examples." Now it was, curiously enough, that fine scholar, the late Mr. Andrew Lang, who first, so far as I know, was guilty of the "howler" of saying that the use of the word "Delphos," which he called "a non-existent word," was a proof of Shakespeare's ignorance (see *Shakespeare, Bacon*, and *The Great Unknown*, pp. 44-5), and it thus became for many, who were ignorant of the old practice, one of the (supposed) "well-known examples" of Shakespeare's want of education.

Well, "evil communications corrupt good manners," and I am really almost tempted to follow a particularly evil example and to say that Mr. C. M. Haines has "skilfully distorted" his original statement "for the sake of controversy"! But I would rather ascribe it to a delusion of his "sub-conscious"!

But, even though Mr. C. M. Haines *had* laid stress upon the word "island," either by putting it in italics, or at least including it with the word "Delphos" in "quotation marks," which, unfortunately, he failed to do, it would have to be noted that, although Shakespeare speaks of "Delphos" as an "isle" (*Winter's Tale*, iii., 1, 2), he thereby gives no proof of ignorance, for he does but follow Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, where we read of the "Ile of Delphos," and Greene, we know, was, as Payne Collier writes, "a man who possessed all the advantages of education: he was a graduate of both Universities, and was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages."

I will only add that Mr. C. M. Haines is quite wrong in supposing

that "in discussing Jonson" I forgot those very familiar words: "Would he had blotted out a thousand!" Those words in no way conflict, as Mr. C. M. Haines seems to imagine they do, with my statement that he was altogether in error in supposing that *sufflaminandus erat* could possibly refer to stopping Shakespeare, "the dramatist," in the course of his *writing*, which, I repeat, is a manifestly absurd idea, apart from the fact that *sufflaminare* means, as I have abundantly shown, to stop not in *writing*, but in *speaking*. My supposed "slip" exists only in Mr. C. M. Haines's too fertile imagination.

As to the Jonsonian authorship of the Folio prefaces, this is obviously not the place to argue. I can only refer Mr. C. M. Haines to George Steevens among the old critics, and to Dr. Felix Schelling of to-day, who tells us that "of this matter there can be no question whatever."

In conclusion, I would only say that, although Mr. C. M. Haines does me the honour to couple me with Lord Sydenham and Mr. Crouch Batchelor (whom, by the way, *he* attacked, and not *vice versa*), I had, as he must be well aware, no part whatever in the writings of these two champions of "The Bacon Legend."

I am, etc.,
GEORGE GREENWOOD.

Chemistry in Future Wars

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Captain Brifaut has certainly hit the right nail on the head when he says that chemistry will play a far greater part in the next war, and although theoretically a Pacifist and supporter of the League of Nations, I must second his remarks as to Germany's being so much better equipped with capable chemists than are the other countries of Europe. Myself a student of science, I am ever becoming more and more conscious of the hopeless way in which England has dropped behind in the field of scientific discovery, and there can be no doubt that Germany is, at the present time, far ahead of us in this respect. The only way in which England can regain the lost ground is to afford the younger generation of chemists every opportunity to give of their best to the country, and to make sure, by laying good foundations in the schools and colleges, that there shall be men to take the places of those who are working so hard to-day. The Government should wake up to the facts of the case, and by every means in their power help the country to take the place which it should hold in the field of chemistry, as it does in every other phase of business and power.

Trusting that you will find yourself able to insert this letter, which may serve to call attention to this growing peril to the safety of this country,

I am, etc.,
JOHN H. S. ROWLAND.

College House, Ford Park, Plymouth.

Humane Slaughtering of Animals

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The thanks of all right-thinking people are due to Major J. B. Paget for his moving appeal alike to the Christian and Jewish communities to put an end to the present barbarous methods of killing animals intended for man's use. I heartily endorse Major Paget's denunciation of present methods, and I can testify to the torture and apprehension suffered by dumb creatures as they are driven to the slaughter. I agree entirely with Major Paget that the Jewish method of cutting a bound and frightened animal's throat, and the crude "jabbings" of the pole-axe executioner are equally savage and horribly repulsive. Speaking as one who understands the nerve-structure of animals, and having witnessed slaughtering operations under both the humane and the barbarous methods alluded to by Major Paget, I have no hesitation in declaring that no time should be lost in thrusting from us as an evil thing the present needlessly cruel and unnecessarily long methods of killing which constitute an ugly blot on our civilisation and are an offence to the civic conscience, as they are to the finer feelings of the individual. On the other hand, the humane killer offers a ready and absolutely effective solution to the problem of how to reduce to a minimum the animal's suffering; while such improved methods of drafting and marshalling the beasts for killing as described by Major Paget would materially reduce, if not eliminate, the state of apprehension and terror into which I have seen animals plunged under conditions of killing which are a disgrace to any civilised community.

With the use of the humane killer, bleeding is equally swift and complete as with the Kosher knife or following upon the hacking of the pole-axe, and "fevered meat" which is caused by fear, is never found in meat killed by the humane killer, under proper conditions.

A clear public conscience and a strong public opinion are urgently needed to ensure the immediate substitution of humane for barbarous methods of slaughtering animals; and when that has been accomplished it will be a shorter and easier task to bring about the death-knell of the ill-equipped and insanitary slaughter-house, and in its stead provide up-to-date abattoirs where meat can be dressed and handled under conditions the very antithesis of the present filthy and disgusting methods.

And in these overdue reforms Major Paget and his friends can, I am sure, count upon the whole-hearted support of every member of the osteopathic and medical professions.

I am, etc.,
HARVEY FOOTE, D.O.

40a, Park Lane,
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10th March, 1925.

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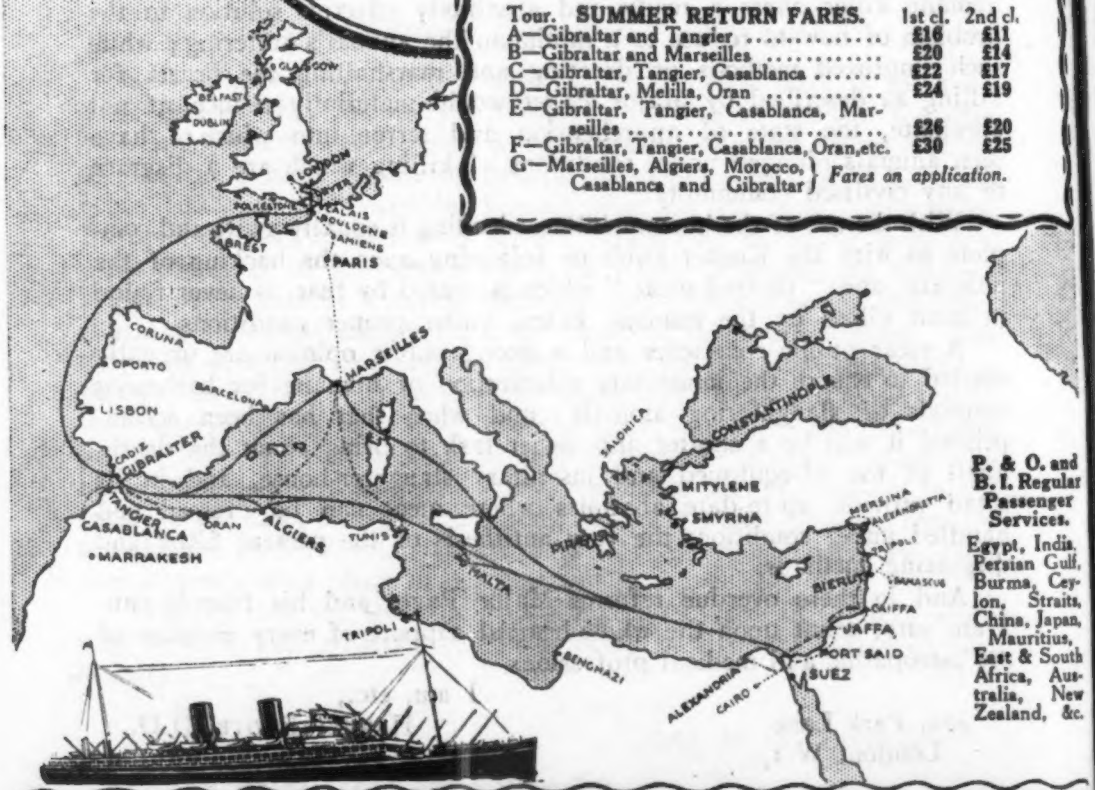

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1925.

Current Comments

Mr. Baldwin and the Political Levy

WE publish this month a short article by Lt.-Col. Headlam, M.P. for the Barnard Castle division of Durham, on the subject of the trade union political levy, which we believe accurately to express the views of the great majority of the Conservative Party and of not a few Liberals. Colonel Headlam, who by untiring work succeeded in winning a forlorn hope in this typical mining constituency, has no illusions as to the value of soft words, or the likelihood of converting the present Labour leaders to sweet reasonableness.

Many of these leaders have lost no time in dissipating any such hopes as may have been entertained by the more sanguine apostles of goodwill. Some of them have hailed Mr. Baldwin's memorable speech as a confession of fear or defeat. Others, generous enough to recognise its spirit, have made it clear that their goodwill can only be gained by the concession of all their demands for nationalisation and the rest.

Even on the part of those Conservatives, therefore, who felt nothing but admiration for Mr. Baldwin's moving and eloquent appeal for a great national effort to supersede class and sectional suspicion and strife by mutual recognition of our common troubles and a frankly fraternal spirit of give and take, there has been naturally a strong undercurrent of disappointment, and fear that his appeal, with its consequent delay in a reform to which the whole party is pledged, will fail completely in its object. It would be hard to escape this conclusion but for one factor, without which, indeed, we believe it would be fully justified.

b 2

That solitary factor is Mr. Baldwin himself and his quite extraordinary power, revealed in this instance to a greater degree than ever before, of impressing the whole nation, irrespective of class or party, with his single-minded devotion to the supreme interests of the country, and his determination to secure these, if possible, by inspiring all its best elements to a common effort for its salvation. No one who read Mr. Baldwin's speech in the House of Commons, or his subsequent speech on March 12th in Leeds, could believe that they were actuated by any other motive than that of an almost sublimated patriotism, least of all by fear. The highest form of courage is the courage to face the taunt of cowardice, and Mr. Baldwin has triumphantly passed this test.

He has, moreover, pledged himself to the even more drastic reform of the trade union constitutions than was contemplated by the Macquisten Bill, should the unions fail to reform themselves. The questions of the strike ballot, "peaceful" picketing, the immunity of union funds from ordinary legal obligations of contract, and the still greater question of the threatened attempt to paralyse the country and Government by combined action of the leading unions, must all be faced before that "peace in our time," for which Mr. Baldwin pleaded, is possible.

The Next Phase

In his present attitude we discern no sign that he will fail in courage if obstinate and short-sighted counsels prevail in the union executives, and it becomes necessary for Parliament to act within the life of the present Government. On the contrary, we believe that the country can accept Mr. Baldwin's declaration as an assurance that if, unhappily, this necessity should arise, it will be met with resolute determination to remove, once and for all, those vicious defects in our industrial organisation which threaten its very life.

Many may still ask, what has Mr. Baldwin gained by a mere "gesture," and postponement of the issue by perhaps a year or more? The answer, we believe, is simple.

Mr. Baldwin, for all we know, may have as little faith as most people in the possibility of reaching the hearts or the intelligence of some of those Labour leaders who, for

the moment, seem to have the ear of the rank and file, merely by an appeal to their patriotism or their reason. But he evidently has a profound faith in the essential common sense and sound patriotic instincts of the great mass of the workers of this country. He is convinced that, if the day should come when the working men and women who constitute the majority of the electorate have to choose between such a sane counsel as he would offer them, and the wild, disastrous adventures to which they would be urged by many of their leaders, such a large proportion will make the right choice that the nation will come safely through the crisis. We hope and believe that Mr. Baldwin's judgment is sound, and it is undeniable that by his action on the political levy he has immensely increased his power, so as to turn the scales against the advance of Syndicalism, Communism, and Revolution. The day may well come when cheers for Baldwin will drown the "Red Flag," and this will be because the workers will feel instinctively that he is just an honest, friendly Englishman to whom the interests of his country come before all.

Political Couéism

"Since the German declaration, the western frontiers can be pronounced solid enough to support solemn and binding international sanctions."—*Observer.*

"The task of the moment is to find a reassuring formula for the expression of a European longing for rest and peace; a formula whose repetition will break the spell of mutual suspicion and free the nations from the self-imposed burden of armaments."—*Saturday Review.*

"The German proposals came just at the right time to exercise an important influence on British policy. The Cabinet had been debating the project of a special pact with France and Belgium. . . . The German offer to participate in a pact of mutual guarantee had the effect of settling the issue. The idea of a one-sided pact which was advocated by Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been definitely rejected, and is, we trust, finally dead."—*Nation and Athenæum.*

The above quotations, irresistibly suggestive of the methods of M. Coué, vividly illustrate the hypnotic effect of the German diplomatic manœuvre. The natural longing for rest and peace is to be satisfied by the repetition of a "formula." Fears for peace are to be dispelled by the daily incantation that we are all, including Germany, getting better and better. "Oh, grandmamma, what a big mouth you have got!" said Little Red Riding-Hood. "The better to eat you up, my dear"; and so saying . . .

The German Proposals—

WHENEVER a British statesman visits Paris, in order to discuss with the head of the French Government problems on which England and France do not see eye to eye, a *communiqué* is issued which conveys the impression that things have gone well, that the two Governments are in train of reaching an understanding, and that there can be no doubt about their fruitful co-operation. It was so when Mr. Baldwin went to Paris on his return from Aix les Bains and saw M. Poincaré. The *communiqué* indicated a similarity of view between the two Premiers, and gave promise of future co-operation in the solution of problems on which there had previously been a great deal of bitter controversy. A few days later the world knew that nothing had really been done at the interview, that England and France were just as far apart.

Similarly, on the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's two recent visits to Paris the official *communiqués* declared that co-operation had been established on a solid basis. It was assumed that the exchange of views on the German proposals had been satisfactory, and that these might well take the place of the Geneva Protocol as a basis of discussion. It is likely to be found, however, that, although Mr. Chamberlain and M. Herriot had come to an understanding as to the conditions under which Germany might enter the League, little or no advance had been made on the eternal question of security. Public opinion was merely to be allowed to adjust itself to the German proposals and the idea of a Five-Power Pact, to include Germany.

—and French Opinion

FRENCH opinion soon made itself felt on the plan for a pact in which Germany should be a participant. In the absence of an adequate Anglo-French pact of mutual defence, France clings to the Geneva Protocol in preference to the proposed Five-Power Pact, and, in spite of what took place at the Council of the League of Nations during the second week of March, she is not without hope of reviving the scheme of disarmament, arbitration and mutual assistance from the death-blow which Mr. Chamberlain is supposed to have dealt it. France has an entirely different conception

of German mentality from that held by British statesmen, whether they be Conservative, Liberal or Labour. She has no faith in the German word. And she is suspicious of the origin of these German proposals. Her politicians and her political writers believe that they are simply a manœuvre. Their paternity is ascribed to Lord D'Abernon, the British Ambassador in Berlin, and Herr Stresemann.

The French ask: How is it possible to make Germany, with her deplorable record of broken pledges, carry out a pact unless there is force behind it—force in the form of a separate pact among the Allies themselves? They are firmly convinced that Germany would use the pact as a means of revising the Peace Treaty in such a way as to adjust her eastern and southern borders in keeping with her desires. She could always invoke Article 19 of the Covenant of the League of Nations whenever she desired to make changes. Once a member of the League she would always find work for the Council.

On this question of security the points of view of England and France are as far apart as ever. France does not see why a pact of security dictated by England and Germany should be thrust upon her. She means, moreover, to stand by Poland and Czecho-Slovakia.

French Sympathy for Poland

FRENCH sympathy for Poland has immensely increased since the meeting between Count Skrzynski, the Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and M. Herriot. Count Skrzynski is an excellent propagandist, and his views obtained wide publicity. If his version of what took place at his interview with the French Premier can be accepted—and there has been no denial—it is clear that there can be no such thing as a pact of five, if it has to connote a revision of Germany's eastern frontier. French opinion is firm on this matter. M. Herriot sees plainly that it is the wish of the French people to stand by Poland. This is not only the view of the politicians of the Right, but even the Premier's own supporters in the Press are inflamed against the supposed British policy. M. Herriot's principal champion, the *Ere Nouvelle*, has written scathingly against the idea of England seeking, at German dictation, to press France into an arrangement,

which in the end cannot be to her advantage if it is detrimental to her Polish ally. Mr. Chamberlain has made it clear that England will not accept the Geneva Protocol, but it is evident that France, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia will not abandon it for the limited pact envisaged by Berlin and London which, while merely promising security in the west, leaves Germany free to revise the Peace Treaty in so far as her eastern frontier is concerned. There is little doubt that one result at least of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Paris has been to impress upon him the strength of the French feeling for Poland. Recognising it as a cardinal factor, he will certainly strive to meet it. Meanwhile, however, sceptical and disillusioned France is once more asking: Whose is the hidden hand that is directing British policy?

The Coming Budget

THOSE who profess to know, at Westminster and in the City, are convinced that Mr. Churchill, at his first essay in finance, will reduce the income-tax by sixpence at least, but that he will neither restore penny postage nor lessen the preposterously high duty on the workman's beer. We are all for the penny post and for cheaper beer as wholesome alternatives to dear and bad whisky. But we cannot expect everything at once, and the sorely burdened income-tax payer has the prior claim on Mr. Churchill's attention. A reduction in the income-tax will stimulate trade at once. The home demand for goods will go up, and the unemployment figures will go down. The whole community will benefit, directly or indirectly, and the Exchequer will have its share of the additional profits that should be earned by manufacturers and retailers. As is shown by the great American banker, Mr. Otto Kahn, in the article which we publish this month, nothing could be more untrue than the suggestion, so often made by Socialists and even by Liberals, that a lowering of the income-tax benefits the "classes" at the expense of the "masses."

It is clear, however, that Mr. Churchill will not find his task an easy one. The Estimates for the Civil Services and the Fighting Services show a net saving of no more than £9,364,850 over last year's Estimates. Possibly, with the rise in the New York exchange and the recent conver-

sions of short-dated War Loans, the burden of the Debt will be lightened somewhat, and the Consolidated Fund may not require so much as £385,000,000 in the year now opening. Mr. Snowden's anticipated surplus of about £4,000,000 may be realised. On these figures Mr. Churchill might well contemplate the loss to the revenue of £19,000,000, which a sixpenny cut in the income-tax would involve in 1925-1926. But it is to be remembered that the full effect of Mr. Snowden's remissions of taxation have not yet been felt. They will reduce the normal revenue for the coming year by £10,000,000 or more. Against this may be set the reasonable prospect of an increase in the national income, especially from Customs and Excise, if trade continues to improve. On the whole, we think that Mr. Churchill would do well to be his sanguine self and to take the risk. Recent Chancellors, erring on the side of caution, have over-taxed the country and heaped up surpluses to no purpose. Mr. Snowden profited last year by the excessive timidity of his predecessor or the mistaken forecast of the Treasury officials. Mr. Churchill might remember that optimism breeds optimism. A generous Budget will encourage business men and thus help towards the revival of trade.

Maintaining the Navy

THERE should be no two opinions about the need for an efficient Navy, especially now that the Fleet has been cut down to a One-Power standard in order to conciliate our American creditors. Yet the Navy Estimates, which show a small increase of about £3,350,000 apart from the Fleet Air Arm, are being criticised by the Opposition in a narrowly partisan spirit. It might have been thought that the war, in which the Navy unquestionably saved us from famine and ruin, would have driven home once for all the lesson that England's frontiers are the Seven Seas, and that they must be guarded. But politicians are unteachable when they do not want to learn. The Labour delegation to Russia has shown itself enthusiastic in praise of the Red Army, probably the largest peace establishment in existence; but what is lawful for Bolsheviks is forbidden to civilised nations—or would be if Mr. Purcell and his colleagues had their way—and the Labour Party, with the

Liberal remnant, will doubtless denounce the Navy Estimates as sheer "militarism" and "waste."

Some good Conservatives were somewhat troubled at the increase in the Estimates, despite their readiness to support and trust the Board of Admiralty. But few outsiders realise the immense complexity of a naval organisation like ours, with numerous small craft of all kinds and shore establishments for various purposes, besides the big ships and the dockyards of which everyone knows. The stores which the Labour Government allowed to diminish unduly have to be replaced; wages and pensions tend to go up. While Mr. Bridgeman does not propose as yet to lay down a single new keel, the five cruisers ordered with much reluctance by his predecessor—in place of the eight that are really needed—must be carried on and finished. No decent man will grudge the young married officers the same modest allowances as have long been given to officers in the junior service, but this overdue concession will cost something. Then there is the first small instalment on account of the Singapore base, which will serve our warships proceeding on their lawful occasions in Far Eastern waters. If the unprejudiced critic will look into these matters he will find that the Board of Admiralty has erred on the side of thrift rather than of extravagance, in view of the prime importance of the Navy to the Empire. That the little colony of Hong Kong has given a quarter of a million for the Singapore works, is a clear proof of the interest which Britons in China take in the matter. They know that without the base our flag might some day cease to be flown in the Pacific. They know too that Japan is rapidly executing a large programme of naval construction, including eleven cruisers, twenty-three destroyers and twenty-eight submarines, which are presumably intended for use some day.

Surrender in India

THE real nature of the so-called Indian "reforms," and their effect on the native population, are becoming recognised by all clear-sighted Englishmen. We have repeatedly drawn attention to the gigantic evil which our insane attempt to thrust Western institutions on a mass of Eastern people

peculiarly unfit for them is producing in our Indian Empire. In an admirable letter to *The Morning Post* Colonel Sir Charles Yate has set forth a plain presentment of the actual situation and endorses the suggestion that if any change is to be made in the present scheme "that change should be to resume some of the powers 'so calamitously transferred to hostile and incompetent hands,' and not to extend them." Sir Robert Horne holds views not very dissimilar. He has pointed out, after his recent visit to India, that there is no such thing as an Indian people, and that there are more races in India than there are in Europe, while the divergence between many of these is as deep and wide as between Frenchmen and Germans.

No political experiment could well have failed more hideously than the Government of India Act of 1919, and the longer the attempt is sustained to carry it on the greater will be the harm which it will achieve. Its effect up to now has been to impair justice and to crown corruption; while the sufferers from it are, and must be, in a constantly increasing degree, the great mass of the population of Hindûstan.

Slack L.C.C. Voting

London has been saved from "Poplarism" more by good luck than by the votes of the vast majority of its citizens. It is fortunately true that at the County Council elections on March 5th the Municipal Reformers, who have given London a long spell of decent and honest administration at a relatively low cost, were returned again to power, and that they increased their numbers by one. But it is also true that the polls were miserably small in many boroughs, and that the apathy displayed by most electors was thoroughly discreditable. The Socialists, who anticipated this, made a tremendous effort, and probably polled their full strength. They succeeded in almost wiping out the so-called Progressives, and doubled their party at the County Hall. They might have done more if their opponents had not at last awakened to the danger of letting Mr. Lansbury and his friends put London to sack through the rates. The danger has been averted for three years, but it will recur, and it should not be ignored. Democracy was to cure all evils, but we now see that its own slackness and indifference

constitute a new peril. The voice of the people was to be regarded as divine, but how if the people will not open their mouths; or, having votes, will not use them? Some London boroughs, after having allowed the Socialists to secure control of their councils and to send up the rates to unheard-of figures, have revolted against the spendthrifts and sent them packing. Yet there is no need to buy experience so dearly, with the Poplar object-lesson before our eyes. If Londoners would only take the trouble to vote at the municipal elections there would be very few Socialist councils or boards of guardians, and the rates would be appreciably lower. Perhaps the exercise of the franchise will have to be made compulsory, but it would be a pity.

Lord Curzon

A GREAT Englishman, one of the last of the old order, has passed in Lord Curzon. His dignified and polished oratory, his laborious acquisition of knowledge, his grasp of detail, and his untiring devotion to public duty have seldom been equalled, and in combination, perhaps, never surpassed, by any of the brilliant succession of statesmen who have made English history. Leisure, as understood by the ordinary man, was a thing unknown to him, or only to be devoted to literature, if not used as an opportunity to prepare himself more thoroughly for the service of the State. His name will live as one of those who most illustriously upheld the splendid fabric of the Empire in India at a period when its foundations were already threatened by open enemies and their degenerate dupes. His return to the lower level of party politics was an anti-climax. The exigencies of party compelled him to act as the mere satellite of such an immeasurably inferior colleague as Mr. Lloyd George. Later the first office of State to which, by his gifts, he seemed to be destined, was denied him because our party system now excludes a peer. This bitter disappointment was borne with the dignity that never failed him, and his unswerving loyalty to the chosen leader, Mr. Baldwin, was one more proof of the nobility of his character. He was, above all, a great English gentleman.

[*"Shylock Defends Himself"—a reply to "America and Inter-Allied Debts"* (ENGLISH REVIEW, *January*)—*will be published next month.*]

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THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

WHEN, a few short years ago, land and sea and air were rent by conflict, and the men of France and England were being killed in thousands every day, the Entente Powers, differing as regards many details, were united absolutely on one point, namely, that Germany should never have opportunity to bring again this horror upon the human race. On this point, setting aside pacifists and defeatists who desired only surrender, all in this country were agreed. While politicians prated of other aims invented by themselves, while they speechified, while they poured out phrases about making "the world safe for democracy," or "a war to end war," the common sense of our nation remained fixed on this need with an absolute unanimity. To what purpose "reparations," to what purpose "punishment," if to repeat the enormous outrage upon mankind were to be left in the power of its perpetrators? Then the whole flood of human misery would be let loose again, with violence increased by the interim progress of human invention; then all that had been won, and apparently secured, would be placed once more in deadly jeopardy—and the Furies would be unchained anew.

If, while the war still raged and our ghastly sacrifices were approaching consummation, any average decent Englishman, or citizen of Great or Greater Britain, had been consulted, this would have been found the fundamental assumption of his mind; too plain and too natural to need discussion or to admit dispute. He would have said that to achieve this end was the supreme duty of the leaders of the Allies, by means of such indestructible permanence as would leave no possibility to the Teutonic promise-breakers of once more plunging their swords into the entrails of Europe.

Suppose a prophet had informed him that, within a little over six years from the conclusion of strife, the statesmen of the Allies would propose, or contemplate seriously, to abolish every solid guarantee for German maintenance of peace and instead to place trust in another

German promise written on another "scrap of paper"—what in that case is likely to have been his reply? Beyond all shadow of doubt it would have been to laugh at the suggestion as absurd and simply inconceivable.

Yet the thing described is so far from being inconceivable as to be at this moment in actual contemplation. When the mists of verbal complexities carefully wrapped round the essential situation have been removed, it becomes plain that the abolition is proposed of the sole existing substantial guarantee against the repetition by Germany of her former offence, and that she offers nothing whatever in return except her word. What was that sole substantial guarantee? It was, and it is, the retention by the Allies of the bridgeheads of the Rhine and of military access to them. The constraining necessity of holding these positions was set forth fully in the Notes submitted to the Powers by the greatest of living military authorities, Marshal Foch, published in this REVIEW in August last, and now reissued in a small volume entitled *Security*.* Marshal Foch wrote: "If we do not hold the Rhine permanently, no neutrality, no disarmament, no written clause whatever can prevent Germany from seizing that river and using it with advantage as a sally port. No adequate support from England or America can arrive in time to avert a disaster in the northern plains, to save France from the alternative of suffering utter defeat or of promptly withdrawing her armies beyond the Somme, the Seine, or the Loire. . . . The Rhine, therefore, remains to-day the barrier indispensable to the security of the nations of Western Europe, and of civilisation itself. Our voluntary withdrawal from the Rhine would leave Germany, who aimed at ruling the world by the power of the sword, . . . in a position to renew her attempt just as if she had been victorious. I solemnly urge upon the Allied and Associated Governments, who, at the most critical period of the war, trusted me with the leadership of their Armies and with the fate of the common cause, to consider that both to-day and in the immediate future that cause can only be safeguarded in a lasting manner by the

* *Security*. ENGLISH REVIEW, 4, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1s. net.; 1s. 2d. post free.

military frontier of the Rhine and its occupation by the Allies. This indispensable position must therefore be maintained."

Most words are wind, but this solemn and almost terrible appeal from the foremost of living soldiers, to the nations whose cause he has served so well, will remain on record while history lasts, and it will constitute the undying condemnation of any statesman by whom it is disregarded.

Yet that the German Government, in proposing the reciprocal pact, assume the abandonment of that position by the Entente Powers appears with the utmost clearness from the statement of Herr Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. He says: "France still considered herself threatened by Germany and there had been attempts to form a tripartite pact (England, France and Belgium), the spearhead of which was to be directed against Germany. In these circumstances Germany had taken the initiative. The question of a pact had been renewed with guarantees for the integrity of the western frontier of Germany, together with proposals for arbitration treaties in the East. This might involve a painful renunciation by Germany of her historical position in the West (Alsace-Lorraine), *but it also involved renunciation for the French military leaders who envisaged a French frontier on the Rhine.*"

Never, probably, was a diplomatic move more subtle than that of Germany, in making her proposal to substitute words for realities through the instrumentality of a reciprocal treaty. She made it at the moment when she had reason to fear that the only effective hostage for her observance of the *status quo* in the West, namely, the bridgeheads of the Rhine, might be estreated and placed under safe international control; when, in fact, she foresaw the probability of those vital positions being handed over to the League of Nations, which, conferring mandatory powers, should entrust their safe keeping to the forces of the Allies and perhaps also of neutral nations. Equally a guarantee would doubtless have been given to Germany that no hostile force would cross the Rhine into her territory. She is clearly entitled to nothing more than this, and the saving of her *amour propre*, as consideration for her signature to such a treaty. But for the new German

suggestion some such arrangement would almost certainly have been made, and thus the barriers of the peace of Europe would have been secured against Germany, while she would have obtained an equivalent safeguard. No other conceivable step could so effectively advance the cause of disarmament.

What in actual fact does Germany offer to give in return for this proposed surrender, by the Powers whom she outraged, of their only effective guarantee that she will not repeat her crime? She offers words. She offers a promise to keep a promise which she has already broken in regard to armaments, and, with incredible effrontery, offers another promise to respect the inviolability of French and Belgian frontiers. But those frontiers, which include Alsace-Lorraine, she pledged herself to accept when she signed the Treaty of Versailles, so that this gracious offer amounts in reality to nothing more than an insolent ignoring of that solemn international instrument. As for her eastern and southern frontiers, she is also already bound, so far as treaties can bind her, to their acceptance; but it is open to her, if she join the League of Nations, to submit any proposals for revision to arbitration. Her present offer, therefore, to follow that course amounts to absolutely nothing at all.

How comes it that the statesmen of England and France, or of other Powers concerned, have lent ear to proposals which analysis shows to be void of any real content, or rather to amount to an extraordinarily audacious attempt to obtain for nothing a concession of the most gigantic kind, a concession which places the safety of France, and therefore also of England, at the mercy of the good faith of Germany? What that faith is worth Germany has done her utmost in the past to teach the world, and she is still imparting that lesson in regard to the vital subject of disarmament. The sincerity of Germany is to be measured not by her words but by her deeds, and, so judged, it does not exist. Yet to that non-existent quality we are now asked to confide the security of our population from another war. Again, supposing for a moment, for the sake of argument, that the German Government desires honestly at this time to keep the peace

of the world and does not contemplate a war of revenge, who shall guarantee the future? Who shall give binding assurance that there will never be a Hohenzollern restoration? Who shall determine that at a little later date, when circumstances may seem more favourable, and when perhaps her vast industrial system may give her the command of an overwhelming supply of munitions, some wave of national fervour may not flow over Germany and impel her once more to let hell loose upon earth? These possibilities are neither remote nor fanciful, and, if they should be fulfilled, the loss of the bridgeheads of the Rhine will mean, according to Marshal Foch, the loss of the war—with a sequel of horrors exceeding imagination.

Why is it, then, that our Ministers seem to contemplate for an instant our entry into a pact involving the surrender of our one vital asset, and giving us nothing save empty words?

What else will Germany give? What has she to give? What is her motive? If she recovers the control of the Rhine, if she hypnotises England and France into a false sense of security, resulting in less effective measures of co-operative defence, she will have rendered her plans for revenge enormously easier of accomplishment. A bank asked to lend money to a man with a good record, on the security of a house, requires deposit of the title deeds. A bank which had obtained judgment against a debtor would not return to him any security in its possession, merely because he promised to respect the verdict of the court. A debtor convicted of previous default, of subsequent attempts at evasion, and so gravely suspected of further recalcitrant designs, as is Germany, would be given no credit whatever, except against the most solid guarantees.

A sort of hypnosis seems to have descended upon this country, due largely to weariness following upon six years of failure to deal satisfactorily with the questions at issue. Moreover, in England internal problems of extreme importance are pressing for solution, and distracting the public mind. The present Ministry are by no means fully responsible for the position in which they find themselves. It is the sequel, the climax, of a long chapter of their predecessors' mistakes. Yet all these considerations do not

absolve them from the terrible responsibility now resting upon them. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has said that the Cabinet will take no course which has not behind it the approval of all sections of the population. Unfortunately, the great mass of the people are unable to form a sound judgment on such matters, although we are convinced that their instincts would respond quickly and gratefully to such strong leadership as enabled Pitt, or his still greater father, Chatham, to bring the nation safely through the storms and shocks of European conflicts. Yet, if their opinion, rather than that of experts, is to be the final court of appeal, they are at least entitled to the whole of the evidence. When they are invited to make their whole future, their lives and their homes dependent on German good faith, they ought assuredly to be apprised of the latest information in the Report of the Allied Disarmament Commission. Why has not this been published? Is it too damning to Germany?

The conclusion is becoming irresistible that the delay in publication of the disarmament report is due to fear that its disclosures will stiffen public opinion against placing any trust in Germany and thus destroy the "atmosphere" favourable to the proposed substitution of a quadrilateral pact including Germany for a tripartite pact with France and Belgium. We have the best reason to believe that publication would, in fact, have this effect, and it would, therefore, be a gross betrayal of our interests and those of our Allies if commitments of any kind were entered into before such essential information were made fully available. It is the more disquieting that the inspiration of the German manœuvre, and the reluctance to publish the disarmament report, should be attributed to our own Ambassador in Berlin, Lord d'Abernon.

While we, as a nation, careless and unthinking, play our games, or debate our domestic difficulties, the Fates are weaving on the loom of the future, and vast events are gradually forming beyond the horizon of our eyes. The need for us is sound judgment, judgment to deal sanely with the affairs of the present. We might well paraphrase Mr. Baldwin's famous quotation and pray "Give us sense in our time, O Lord."

The Strange Story of the Trade Union Report on Russia

By Prof. Charles Sarolea

[*In view of the great public interest in the Trade Union Report on Russia and of its immediate political importance, we are compelled to hold over Dr. Sarolea's article on Tsarism until next month.*—Ed., *E.R.*]

Every leading British paper has given widespread publicity to the Russian Report of the British Trade Union Delegates, which has just been issued in a sumptuous volume copiously illustrated with photographs, coloured pictures, diagrams and maps. At the modest price of 5*s*. it is within reach of the humblest purse and assured of the widest possible circulation for Socialist propaganda purposes. Some critics may be of the opinion that the publicity which has been given to the Report is both excessive and undesirable. I do not share that view. It is, I believe, a document of almost historical importance. I admit that it does not throw much light on Russian conditions. But it does throw considerable light both on the mentality of the Labour Party, and on the propaganda methods of the Soviet Dictators and their British confederates. What is even more pregnant with far-reaching consequences, the Report is bound to mould the opinions of millions of working men, and it is therefore destined to exercise considerable influence on our domestic policy, as well as on our foreign policy. A political publication which means all those things well deserves our most careful scrutiny.

There is another aspect of the publication which claims our attention. The reception of the Report by a considerable section of the Radical Press illustrates the dangerous condition of the Liberal Party in the present critical times. We might have expected Liberals to repudiate any solidarity with the Soviet policy, for the simple reason that it is the negation of all that Liberalism has hitherto

stood for. Instead of such energetic and indignant repudiation we may observe that many Radical leaders have adopted a feeble, flabby, wavering attitude, which refuses to see the most obvious facts and ignores the most fundamental principles. They seem to be inspired by the fear of offending the moderate Labour Party, who may be possible allies in the near future. Radicals, no doubt, may not take the trade union illusionists as seriously as they take themselves. Many of them may, indeed, be startled and scandalised by certain admissions in the Report, by the suppression of all political liberty, by the ruthless war against Christianity. Yet, and in the face of all those admissions, they refuse to give a verdict. The Russian situation, so those wavering Liberals tell us, is very complicated, and the evidence very confused and generally contradictory. After all, perhaps there may still be hope for the Bolshevist Dictators. They may change, they may improve, they are already evolving, whatever that blessed pseudo-scientific word "evolve" may signify. In the meantime Liberals are recommended to be sympathetic, charitable and conciliatory, and to suspend judgment.

We cannot protest too emphatically against such cowardly neutrality, which assumes the disguise of philosophical wisdom and the mask of Christian charity. The facts of the Russian situation may indeed be very complicated. But, as with every big human question, the issue itself is absolutely clear and straightforward. We are in possession of all the evidence which ought to enable us to deliver judgment. There can be no question of our seeking refuge in a Scottish verdict of Not Proven.

What, then, is the nature of the evidence at our disposal? What is the clear and straightforward issue which is submitted to us, as regards the Soviet *régime* and its relation to our own policy?

More than seven years ago, in November, 1917, an insignificant band of very able, very daring, and very unscrupulous revolutionists, most of them aliens, some of them idealists and fanatics, some of them madmen, not a few of them common jailbirds, taking advantage of the temporary chaos into which a terrible war, waged under the most adverse circumstances, had plunged our heroic Russian Allies, were able to seize power by violence and to start a series of far-reaching Communist experiments.

Those experiments in political vivisection were made under the most favourable circumstances on a patient and passive people, who had Communism in their political tradition and anarchism in their blood.

Although the experiment was continued for all those seven years, the results revealed themselves from the beginning. And from the beginning they were catastrophic. A mighty State, covering one-sixth of the surface of the globe, which had played an important part in the politics of the world, became a mutilated corpse. Terrorised by a Dictatorship of blood and iron, exhausted by its sacrifices in the World War, disorganised, deprived of its natural leaders, a brave and highly gifted nation of 180,000,000 inhabitants, which, with all its shortcomings, had created an original and brilliant civilisation that was in full process of expansion, and which just before the war had attained to a high degree of prosperity, was rapidly reduced to black ruin, to bankruptcy and chaos, to plague and famine, to carnage and even to cannibalism. Two millions and a half of its best citizens were sent into exile, more millions were imprisoned and murdered, many more millions died of starvation.

Such is the sinister balance-sheet of the Soviet Communist experiment. It was a ghastly failure in every respect and without any redeeming feature. And let it be noted that *it was a failure even from the Socialist point of view*. For it did not achieve any one of the purposes which the Dictators had set out to achieve and on account of which the Russian nation was martyrised and crucified. They had promised to establish Communism. Instead there emerged a new nation of small peasant proprietors, who in all times constitute the most individualistic class in every commonwealth. The Dictators started with the slogans of pacifism. Instead they created a ruthless militarism. They tried to engineer a world revolution. Instead they paved the way for a political reaction in every country. They started by waging war against Capitalism. Instead they ended by offering for sale to concessionaires and to millionaire capitalists from Great Britain and America the resources and the wealth of a vast continent. They started by abolishing Christianity. Instead they produced a remarkable revival of Christianity in the Russian people. And once more the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the

Church. They aimed at establishing a world-embracing Internationale. Instead they roused the dormant passions of the most fervid nationalism.

And let it be noted that this grotesque and complete failure is not in any way, as we are told in the Trade Union Report, the result of the World War. Other nations, like Germany and Belgium, which had almost equally suffered from the conflagration, very soon recovered. And in an agricultural nation like Russia the recovery might have been even quicker and easier. Nor is the failure the result of the shortcomings of Tsarism. For the shortcomings of that much-maligned Tsarism had not prevented Russia immediately before the war from developing all her boundless resources. Nor is the failure due to the intervention of the Allies. For the collapse of Soviet Russia was already complete before the intervention had begun, and that intervention, if it can be said to have achieved anything, rather tended to strengthen and rally the Bolshevist forces. The catastrophic results, therefore, are wholly and solely the inevitable results of the Communist experiment. The facts are obvious to all those who have eyes to see and a mind to understand.

But although the ghastly failure of Russian Communism must be obvious to any unprejudiced observer, this failure could not possibly be accepted by at least one very powerful political party, which has world-wide ramifications, and which is probably better organised and disciplined than any other. For the Labour Party to admit the truth about Soviet Russia would have been equivalent to political suicide. To admit the Russian failure would have implied the surrender of their own creed. For the fortunes of Labour everywhere are bound up with the fortunes of Communism. Between the two there exists everywhere a solidarity of ideals and doctrines, of programme and policy. First, like the Russian Bolshevist, the British Socialist believes in an exclusively economic and materialistic conception of human life, and in the fallacy of economic equality. Second, like the Bolshevist, the British Socialist believes in brute force; he believes in a class war through which such economic equality shall be achieved. Third, like the Russian Bolshevist, the British

Socialist believes in an Omnipotent State, which, after its triumph over Capitalism, shall substitute its bureaucratic activities for the activities of private enterprise, and which shall become the Universal Providence and the Universal Provider. Thus, between the Russian Bolshevist and the British Socialist the difference is only a difference of degree and of the pace of velocity; it is not a difference in kind. The Russian Bolshevist is simply a Socialist who is consistent with himself, who trusts in his principles, who has the courage of his convictions, and who draws the logical conclusions from his premises, regardless of practical consequences.

The British Labour Party, therefore, since 1918 was driven by the logic of its creed and by the pressure of its extremists to make the most desperate endeavours to deny the failure of the Communist experiment, to justify both the theory and the practice of the Russian Dictators, and to salvage the Soviet *régime* from impending doom. Hence the repeated and obstinate attempts to whitewash the Bolshevist crimes. Hence the conspiracy of silence and the conspiracy of lies. Hence the threat to start a general strike against every Government which in 1920 would have dared to send munitions to the Polish people who were confronted with a Bolshevist invasion. Hence the Anglo-Russian Treaty and the insane proposal to restore the wrecked finances of the Soviet Government by paying over to the Dictators many millions of money, to be provided by the overburdened British taxpayer.

Of those repeated attempts to salvage the Soviet *régime* the Trade Union Report is the most recent, the ablest, the most determined, the most insidious and therefore, perhaps, the most dangerous. The Report professes to be an impartial investigation of Russian conditions, and millions of credulous British workers will probably accept it as gospel truth. With the available evidence before us which is supplied by the Socialist leaders themselves, let us see how far the high-sounding claims of those impartial investigators are justified.

And first let us make a critical investigation into the strange story of the Trade Union Delegation.

Four months ago seven wise men, representing the concentrated brain power of the trade unions of Great

Britain, set out on an historical missionary journey to the East. Those seven delegates were accompanied by three other wise men, Captain Grenfell, ex-Naval Attaché to the British Embassy in Petrograd, Mr. Macdonnell, the former British Vice-Consul in Baku, and Mr. George Young, of a patrician family, an ex-Foreign Office official and the moving spirit amongst the advisory delegates. All three once belonged to the great world of diplomacy, and once lived within the Olympian precincts of Downing Street, but they had been touched by grace and converted to the pure doctrine of Socialism.

The object of the visit was patent not only on the British side but on the Russian side. On the British Socialist side there was the desire to retrieve the recent disaster of the General Election, to justify the Russian policy which had been the cause of that disaster. On the Russian side there was a desire to reassert and to strengthen the solidarity between Bolshevism and Socialism, which was imperilled by the result of the elections. Had not the official Labour Party in a moment of panic solemnly dissociated itself from the Communists?

The mission, therefore, of the trade union delegates from the very beginning was to serve the purposes of a militant Socialist policy. It was to be exploited for the object of a common propaganda. The visit from that point of view was admirably stage-managed.

The seven wise men and the three diplomatic converts, whilst on their missionary travels, unlike St. Paul and unlike the early Christian missionaries, did not require to earn their own livelihood as cobblers or tent-makers. On the contrary, they received the bountiful hospitality of the Soviet guest house, a sumptuous palace on the Moskva. They were reverently stared at by the hundreds of thousands of beggars and unemployed, of soldiers and bureaucrats who give such animation to the overcrowded Soviet capital, and who no doubt were made to believe that the great men hailing from Great Britain were coming to bring salvation to themselves and to their party and to their country. Wherever the British travellers went they were acclaimed by Communist crowds, they were entertained by military bands, processions and parades.

One or two quotations from the Report will enlighten

the British reader as to the moral and political atmosphere which surrounded the delegates, and will convince him that the British visit was not one of investigation but one of fraternisation and Communist solidarity.

"On the journey from the frontier to Moscow at various centres our train was pulled up for the purpose of enabling us to receive a welcome from the officials and representatives of the Soviet Government and workers' unions. There were demonstrations of enthusiastic workers—men and women—with banners flying. Our deepest impressions were received in relation to the band of children known as 'Young Pioneers,' who were lined up to take the front place in these receptions. Their singing of revolutionary songs, reminiscent of the folk songs of our country, were inspiring, but melancholy and full of depth." (Page xiii.)

"In Moscow we witnessed a huge demonstration of trade union delegates with bands and banners. The march past was a magnificent sight. The most moderate estimate of the demonstration was that at least 100,000 people assembled for the purpose of giving a united reception to the British Delegation." (Introduction, page xv.)

"The reception of the Delegation at Leningrad exceeded any other demonstration of our tour. The civil population appeared in many thousands, lining the main thoroughfares of the city. A large demonstration was addressed by members of the Delegation, and the march through the city to our headquarters, headed by large battalions of sailors singing revolutionary songs and escorted by regiments of soldiers, will long be remembered by every member of the Delegation." (Page xxi.)

Being after all only human, and feeling duly grateful, the wanderers naturally returned to Great Britain in an elated, exhilarated mood, and intoxicated with the exuberance of their almost delirious enthusiasm. And just as they rejoiced exceedingly in the generous welcome of their Russian Comrades, and in the revelation of the Communist Paradise, they also felt an immense and legitimate pride in their own achievements and stupendous energy. For in the brief space of less than five weeks they had found time to attend countless celebrations in their honour. They also had found time to study and to solve a hundred problems. They also had found time

to travel ten thousand miles in an undiscovered country, thus rivalling in their lightning tour the exploits of the mythical heroes of Jules Verne. Without possessing the Pentecostal gift of tongues which was vouchsafed to the early Christian Apostles, without understanding a word of the Russian language, they yet managed to understand the mysterious and elusive Russian people.

On the surface the Report of the trade union leaders might be described as a composite picture of the minds of the seven wise men and of their three diplomatic disciples. In that blurred picture one may not at first be able to distinguish what belongs to Mr. Bromley, of the Locomotive Engineers, from what belongs to Mr. Bramley, the secretary of the Trade Union Congress, or what belongs to Mr. Ben Tillett from what belongs to the bold and vivid imagination of Mr. Purcell, the chairman of the Delegation. But the Introduction gives some curious details of the methods which were adopted in the composition and publication of the Report.

To understand those methods one has to realise that the seven trade union leaders were confronted with a very difficult problem. They had to satisfy not only the enthusiasts, they had also to conciliate the moderate section of their party. They also had to avoid shocking those millions of wavering Radicals who might possibly become their allies in a possible Radical-Labour Coalition in the next election. Feeling conscious of the suspicions of the British public and of their own shortcomings, conscious also that their own unassisted testimony might not carry the weight nor receive the assent which was essential to their purpose, they solved their difficulty by a masterstroke of political ingenuity. They called upon the services of the three above-mentioned Foreign Office philosophers and friends who somewhat late in life had seen the pure light of the Socialist gospel. The diplomatic converts accepted their difficult task, and they discharged it with that zeal and enthusiasm which is so often characteristic of recent converts.

What exactly happened is revealed to us in the Introduction to the volume. Strictly speaking, the Report was not written by the Trade Union delegates. It was almost entirely written, or, as we are somewhat vaguely informed,

it was "*prepared*" by the Foreign Office advisers, and especially by Mr. George Young, who alone is responsible for about two-thirds of the book. Between the seven Labour delegates and the three Foreign Office experts a division of labour was agreed upon. The three diplomatic experts were to supply all the facts, subject to the editing and censoring of their trade union employers. On the other hand, the seven Labour leaders were to supply all the conclusions. It is quite true that the facts often do not justify the conclusions. It is quite true, also, that the facts as they are presented to us do reveal a semblance of impartiality, and produce an impression of reality. It is also true that there are many damaging admissions. But the unpleasant facts are glossed over, the admissions are explained away, and, most important of all, neither those facts nor the admissions can affect in the slightest degree the general conclusions, which after all are the essential thing.

Let us now see what those conclusions are and what they imply.

"In view of the information contained in the preceding chapters, the Delegation has come to the following conclusions:—That the U.S.S.R. is a strong and stable State: That its Government is based firstly on a system of State Socialism that has the active support of a large majority of the workers and the acceptance of an equally large majority of the peasants, and, secondly, on a federal structure that gives very full cultural and very fair political liberties to racial and regional minorities, together with full religious toleration: That the machinery of Government, though fundamentally different from that of other States, seems to work well, and that the government it gives is not only in every way better than anything that Russia has ever had, but that it has done and is doing work in which other older State systems have failed and are still failing: That these good results have reconciled all but a very small minority to renouncing rights of opposition that are essential to political liberty elsewhere: And that this causes no resistance, partly because these rights have been replaced by others of greater value under the Soviet system, and partly because recent movements have been steadily towards their restoration: And finally,

that the whole constitutes a new departure of the greatest interest that is well worth foreign study, and a new development that may be greatly benefited by foreign assistance." (Report, page 171.)

If we interpret those conclusions, and judge the Soviet *régime* by the results obtained, it must be obvious to any candid reader that on the whole the Report is a systematic whitewashing and glorifying of the almost miraculous achievements of the Moscow Dictators in the face of almost superhuman obstacles. The missionaries seem to have seen nothing of the blood-red Terrorist Russia. The crimson colour has faded into a suave rosy tint—the rosy tint of the dawn of a spring morning. Is not, indeed, the Soviet *régime* the dawn of a better world for the working man? *Ex Oriente Lux!*

The British missionaries everywhere in Russia noted a magical change for the better. They may admit what is often denied by the Socialists: that the cruel requisitions of food supplies were the main cause of the famine.* They may not approve of the imprisonment of Socialist opponents, of the strangling of the Press, of abortion practised as an official institution. They may confess to the widespread immorality amongst the children. They may recognise that there are a few dark spots here and there. But are there not spots even on the sun? Things may have been bad at the beginning. But this was the result of the wicked blockade of Mr. Churchill, and of his even more wicked support of the White armies, who alone stood between the Bolshevists and the Millennium. But now at last, in the fullness of time, peace and tranquillity have been restored. Trade is everywhere reviving, as is shown by the brilliant and luxurious shop windows of Moscow. Are they not full of the treasures which had been for generations accumulated and stolen by the infamous *bourgeois*, but which now had been recovered by the working man? It is true that so far the Russian Comrades alone have been the beneficiaries of the Revolution. But soon our own proletariat will also share in the blessings of the Russian experiment. Soon the bulging corn-

* The restriction of cultivation caused by the confiscation of crops under War Communism brought Russian agriculture to a condition that threatened general famine. (Report, page 64.)

bins of the Ukraine will be poured into the British Isles. Bread will then be once more cheap and plentiful in once more "Merrie England."

And here I would call the attention of the reader to one very important object lesson which is contained in the Trade Union Report, a lesson which illumines many a dark episode in the history of the Labour Party and in the history of social revolutions generally.

In every revolutionary crisis, whenever, on any fundamental question of Socialist principle, there happens to arise any divergence of views and policy between the moderate majority and the extremist minority, invariably it is the minority that wins. It is certain that in the Russian Report the extremists have imposed their own interpretation of the Communist experiment. All through the Report, and in the final summing up, they emphasise the incommensurable benefits and blessings which the Soviet *régime* has brought to the Russian people. The moderate majority have had to be contented with making some reservations and with giving expression to the reluctant admission that Great Britain is not yet ready to adopt the somewhat strong methods by which those Communist blessings were vouchsafed to the Russian mujiks. The simple-minded British working man will not accept this casuistical distinction; he will be perplexed by the contradiction between the glittering pictures, the glowing premises and the very tame and opportunist political counsels. He will inevitably ask himself why, if the Socialist experiment has turned Russia into a Land of Promise, we here in Great Britain should not imitate our Russian Comrades even at the risk of some incidental terrorism. Our country is afflicted with deep-seated social diseases. It is surely worth while undergoing a surgical operation and submitting to a passing process of vivisection if, as a result of such energetic curative treatment, the body politic is to emerge rejuvenated?

Having described the circumstances and the political atmosphere which resulted in the Report, having examined the purpose which it was to serve, having indicated that the Labour delegates obviously started on their inquiry with foregone conclusions, it seems hardly worth while investigating in detail the reality, the reliability, or the

credibility of the facts themselves. In the presentment of the facts the Labour leaders and their diplomatic advisers have shown themselves both preternaturally clever and inconceivably stupid with that strange kind of stupidity which often characterises the utterances of very clever men who are devoid of judgment. Indeed, the stupidity, the *naïveté* and the absence of humour, the total lack of historical perspective, are so staggering that one often wonders whether the writers, so far from wanting to impose on the credulity of their British readers, are not the victims of their own delusions and credulity. They believe, and would make us believe, that the maladministration of the Polish Government is driving large numbers of poor Poles over the borders into the Russian Land of Promise, whereas hundreds of thousands of terrorised Russians are known to have crossed the frontier to escape from the Bolshevist Paradise. (Report, page xix.) They believe, and would make us believe, that the peasant risings are due not to political discontent, but to a superstitious resistance to sanitary measures. We are told that the benighted Russian mujik considers bugs not only as animal pets, but as sacred animals, like the gold bugs in ancient Egypt! (Report, page 126.) They believe, and would make us believe, that in those humane institutions the Bolshevist prisons, warders are so considerate of the sensitive feelings of the prisoners that they do not dress as warders, and that although reluctantly compelled to carry weapons they hide their Mauser rifles under their coats. (Report, page 133.) They believe, and would make us believe, as convincing evidence of the intense intellectual activity in Soviet Russia, that everybody is writing books on political economy to eke out a precarious livelihood. The naïve British delegate does not pause to ask himself how an author can possibly earn a livelihood by writing dull books which nobody can afford to buy or would care to read even if he could buy them. (Report, page 118.) The evidence which is presented to us is second-hand and uncritical; it is an extraordinary mixture of vague generalities, of perverted history, of evasions, of bogus statistics.

Let us take at random a few typical illustrations of the abysmal ignorance displayed by the delegates, and of their extraordinary methods of producing evidence.

The Report, when it discusses the conditions of the Russian schools, only gives us the substance of the conversation of British Delegates with Soviet teachers, who are naturally very proud of their achievements and very reticent about their failures. The Report does not give us any detailed descriptions of personal visits to various types of schools such as I gave in my book *Impressions of Soviet Russia*, which personal visits would have convinced them of the desperate plight of education of every grade. The only educational industry which seems to flourish is the training of political agitators. Similarly, when discussing the progress of agriculture in the Ukraine, the Report does not give us any private talks with the peasants themselves, it only gives us the conversations of the delegates with the head of the Ukraine Government. The Report admits indeed, as I have already pointed out, that during the war period of Communism the wholesale confiscation of the food of the peasants was the immediate cause of an appalling famine. At the same time it would have us believe that the New Economic Policy in two years' time has worked a stupendous miracle, in reviving the prosperity of the Ukraine and in converting the individualistic peasant proprietor into a Communist convert. (Introduction, page xviii.) Nor does the Report tell us that the Ukraine, which only a few years ago was one of the granaries of the world, is once more threatened with another famine, and that the Soviet Government, instead of exporting grain, is once more importing vast quantities of flour and food supplies. On the other hand, the Report impudently asserts that the old Tsarist *régime* had done absolutely nothing for the Russian peasant, whereas in point of fact only a few years before the war the martyred statesman Stolypine had initiated a gigantic policy of agrarian reform, had brought a hundred million acres from the village communities into the possession of small peasant proprietors, had organised a colossal scheme of colonisation which transferred every year some 600,000 peasants to colonies in Siberia. Benighted Tsarism succeeded in a task which British statesmanship has attempted in vain.

The Report assures us that the Russian Government has reverently preserved all the art treasures of the old

régime. The delegates do not tell us, however, of the wonderful treasures which were taken from a thousand churches, palaces and mansions. I myself asked in vain to be allowed to visit the historical shrines in the Kremlin. The Labour delegates were indeed allowed to visit the Kremlin, but apparently no more than myself were they given an opportunity to visit its churches and monasteries. They were therefore not able to verify for themselves whether the shrines had been robbed. I may add that when, in 1921 and 1922, I visited the Border State, I found hundreds of shops in Riga, Kovno and Vilno filled with the stolen treasures of Russian mansions and palaces.

The delegates inform us that they reached the conclusion that all the awful rumours about political oppression in Georgia are totally unfounded, and they submit as convincing evidence the astounding remark that in Tiflis they witnessed a magnificent demonstration attended by the usual hundred thousand enthusiastic workers.

I have already referred to the magnificent demonstration in Leningrad which again is adduced as irrefutable proof that prosperity, peace and tranquillity have returned to the old capital. The delegates omit to tell us that Leningrad is to-day a city of death, that it is deserted and desolate, that the grass is growing in the streets, themselves no better than masses of crumbling ruin.

The Report refers to the Prohibition laws under the Soviet *régime*. It does not tell us that Prohibition was introduced under Tsarism, when it was strictly applied, whereas to-day under Sovietism Prohibition only exists on paper. Without leaving the central streets you may observe more drunkenness in the beerhouses of Moscow than can be found in Glasgow or Liverpool.

The delegates make a sneering reference to the high gambling which went on in olden days in the clubs of the nobles. They forget to mention the hideous proletarian Monte Carlo which I visited in Leningrad in the small hours of the morning. Nor do they tell us that the Soviet Government is maintaining gambling dens in its own hotels for the benefit of the "Nepmen," the new class of civil war profiteers.

The delegates tell us of the remarkable achievements of the new Soviet co-operatives; they forget to inform

us that under Tsarism there already existed some 20,000 free co-operatives, and that those free co-operatives were ruthlessly destroyed in the first year of war Communism. The delegates admit that "the new outlook on the social and family side of a nation's life, bound up as it is with the whole economic system, is undoubtedly tending to destroy what is known in this country as family life." (Page 104.) They claim, however, that "there is probably less immorality, in the sense of irregular sexual relationships, than formerly." (Page 104.) To enable the reader to form his own opinion on the morality of Soviet Russia, I may be permitted to give one little incident which happened whilst I was in Russia at the end of 1923. Twenty Soviet officials were put on their trial for having turned the most-frequented public baths of Moscow into a brothel. The accused were found guilty and were condemned to various terms of imprisonment, but they were immediately released in consideration of their irreproachable orthodox Communist principles.

If some of my readers are inclined to think that I am too hard on the Soviet *régime* and that my critical examination of the Trade Union Report is inspired by partisanship and by reactionary *bourgeois* prejudice, I would beg to draw their attention to the recent revelations of a highly competent and unbiased American writer which cannot be so lightly dismissed. It is a very unfortunate coincidence that at the exact moment when the British Delegation were undertaking their Jules Verne or Mark Twain journeyings and junketings, an American journalist, Mr. Isaac Marcosson, should also have gone to Russia on the very same errand of enlightening the outside world on the truth of Russian conditions. After months of careful investigation Mr. Marcosson has now given us the results of his labours. He gives them not like the Trade Unionists, in vague, general, second-hand statements which it is impossible either to prove or disprove, but in minute detail and in concrete facts. And it so happens that those concrete facts are a direct challenge to almost every statement contained in the British Report. And the challenge of Mr. Marcosson is all the more interesting because his simultaneous presence in

Russia was a mere coincidence and because his testimony was never intended as a rejoinder to the British Report.

The impressions of Mr. Marcosson have been appearing for the last six months in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the most widely read of American weekly journals. Let me give one or two brief extracts, describing conditions in Russia at the beginning of 1925 :—

"Russia is really governed to-day by a machine technically known as the political bureau, the so-called Polit-Bureau, composed of seven men, each one being a composite of all that any political boss from the days of Tweed has hoped to be in his wildest dreams of party manipulation. This group comprises the inner machine and is the absolute Dictator of Russia."

"The Tcheka, alongside of which the Spanish Inquisition seems almost friendly, has been succeeded by a no less oppressive tribunal known as the G.P.U. (the first letters of the Russian words meaning Secret Political Police). Under its rule there is less liberty of speech and action than obtained in the days of the Tsar. The bosses propose and the G.P.U. dispose, in the full sense of the word."

What are, according to Mr. Marcosson, the ultimate results of this Socialist Terrorism?

"Russia has become a vast slum. Gaiety has perished. You seldom hear a laugh. The joyousness seems to have gone out of life. In the course of my work I have been through wars and the no less devastating horrors of peace, I have mingled with primitive savages in the heart of Africa, and been in fever-stricken corners in various parts of the world. In all those years of experience and travel I have never experienced such placid relief as exalted me the moment I passed outside the confines of Soviet Russia. I felt like embracing the not particularly prepossessing Latvian soldier who stood just inside the frontiers of his country."

"Economic production has almost been paralysed and capital crucified. The cost of living is higher and wages are lower than at any period prior to 1913. Moscow is the most expensive place in the world, while Leningrad is the ghost of a city, a place of decay and desolation. Beggary and Bolshevism have become almost synonymous.

You see almost as many mendicants as in China, where street supplication is a habit. At the end of July there were one million and a half unemployed workers in the big communities. Initiative and with it the stimulus to-day are lost arts."

"Far more damning than all these is the crusade against God. For the Soviet propaganda respects neither Deity nor man. The youth of Russia is being reared on the idea that there is no creed but a perverted Communism. All sense of the spiritual, the saving grace of individual as well as of nation, is crushed. Atheism rules. The bosses have canonised cruelty and made oppression their favourite pastime. What we term fair dealing and opportunity they denounce as tyrannous Capitalism."

I may be permitted to recall as corroborative evidence that in my book *Impressions of Soviet Russia** I also published the conclusions of a similar investigation into Soviet conditions, and that although the British Socialist Press derided my book and the Radical Press ignored and boycotted it, all that has happened since confirmed every one of my conclusions and verified every one of my forecasts. I ought to add, however, that between my visit at the end of 1923 and the visit of Mr. Marcosson at the end of 1924 there has taken place a very important development in Soviet policy which has an essential bearing on—and is entirely ignored in—the British Trade Union Report. That development makes most of the utterances of the Report on the subject of the new economic policy entirely obsolete.

In 1924, and since I left Russia, conditions, so far from having improved, as we are told in the Report, have become very much worse. And the reason for the deterioration is obvious and most instructive. When I visited Russia at the end of 1923 Lenin and Trotsky had been applying for two years their New Economic Policy. They had restored private trading. That N.E.P. had at least produced a temporary revival. Instead of continuing the political change, instead of "evolving," the triumvirate Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev, who succeeded the duumvirate of Lenin and Trotsky, have now adopted a

* *Impressions of Soviet Russia.* By Charles Sarolea. (Everleigh Nash. Popular edition. 2s. 6d. net.)

Newer Economic Policy, or rather, they have gone back to the original Communist experiment. The Big Three placed the remains of Lenin in an open glass case in a mausoleum on the Kremlin square, and they exhibited his embalmed body, like an Egyptian mummy, for all Communists to worship. But they entirely departed from the opportunist programme of their dead leader and they returned to the pure gospel of Karl Marx.

The backward step was a suicidal one, but it was inevitable. Lenin and Trotsky, confronted in 1921 with the insurrection of the Kronstadt sailors and the famine of the Volga peasants, had been compelled to call a halt in order to stave off inevitable ruin. Lenin thought that he might combine the advantages of both Capitalism and Communism, of State trading and private trading. The combination and the compromise were obviously impossible. You can conceivably run either the one system or the other, but you cannot concurrently run them both. As soon as the Soviet restored private trading, they at once demonstrated the hopelessness of the Socialist experiment. They thus automatically discredited Communism. For the restored private shops were able all the time and everywhere to undersell the Government shops, and although they sold at a lower price, they managed to make a profit, whereas every Communist shop or factory was invariably run at a loss.

That is why since 1924 the triumvirate have reverted to war Communism and Terrorism. That is why they have once again declared war against private trading. That is why the Trade Union Report, which maintains a discreet silence on the latest phase of Sovietism, is already out of date. That is why, notwithstanding their parades and processions, notwithstanding the Moscow shop windows full of purloined goods, Soviet Russia to-day is once more faced with bankruptcy and famine. That is why she will sink deeper and deeper into black ruin until the final collapse which will once for all shatter the dreams of the British illusionists.

Doubts of Young Conservatives

An Appeal to Mr. Harold Cox, Major, and Co.

By Harold Cox, Minor
(A young Hesitant in Conservatism)

[*The following article is one of several which have reached us expressive of the doubts and hesitations of the large body of young Conservatives who have lately, and for the first time, taken a definite place in the organised political elements of the country. Older Conservatives not only welcome their help, but they know well that the future of the country is in their hands—that from the youth of to-day will be chosen the leaders of to-morrow. Our readers will remember that we have deplored the lack of facilities for political and civic education available under Conservative auspices compared with those provided by Socialists. We are glad to be able to inform them that this question is engaging the serious attention of the responsible party organisers, and we are hopeful that steps will soon be taken to place facilities for the study of political science within easy reach of all young Conservatives affiliated to their local party associations. The success of any such scheme must necessarily depend upon the earnestness with which it is supported by those for whose benefit it is designed. Meanwhile we cordially invite other young Conservatives to follow the example of Mr. Harold Cox, junior, in sending us a frank statement of their views, their doubts and their difficulties, which, to the best of our ability, we shall help them to resolve. Our thanks are due to Mr. Harold Cox, senior, for the prompt and friendly response to his young (and unrelated) namesake which immediately follows this article.*

Mr. Cox declines to be classed as a Conservative. He relates in his article that his earliest political faith was Communistic. Later he actually sat in Parliament for some years as a Liberal. Liberalism, however, has now abjured its faith in the principle of individualism while Mr. Harold Cox remains one of its foremost and staunchest upholders; a principle which, with its indis-

pensable corollary Capitalism, he would, we believe, admit that the Conservative Party alone can be trusted to defend.—ED., *E.R.*]

THIS paper was actuated partly by Mr. Cox's article in the January number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and partly by a desire to give expression to the feelings of a large section of the rising generation of Conservatives, now entangled in an embroglio of political programmes and allowed to wander in it, unciceroned. Whilst other political parties are rejuvenating their organisations and proselytising the youth of the nation, the Conservative Party remains quiescent and phlegmatic, earning in some degree our political opponents' derisive description, "all obesity and watch-chains." Politics cannot be peptonised: young Conservatives will not be spoon-fed. As a member of this section I make this present appeal to my more mature and able political elders. Taking Mr. Cox's article as the inspiration (or excuse?), I shall try to analyse the mental processes which characterise my young hesitating quasi-Conservative friends.

Mr. Cox's article on "Socialism and Unemployment" displayed a convincing political acumen. The Socialist structure tottered under his heavy blows. But I drew one conclusion—a conclusion which I believe typifies the younger Conservatives' political attitude. We are not old enough to look back upon decades of educative association with Conservatism. The mere immensity of its prestige does not inspire us. That Conservatism is the only sane and stable political persuasion we agree, but many doubts afflict us. A recent writer sententiously diagnosed the Socialistic malady in these words:—"The trouble with the Communist's mind is that it is an absolutist mind, as mad as the maddest Imperialist or the most fervent worshipper of despotisms." Absolutism is therefore anathema. And here the Conservative Mr. Cox seems as guilty as the most rabid Socialist. It is from these absolutisms in politics that we wish to be emancipated or, alternatively, to be logically convinced of their justification.

With gigantic swings of economic ratiocination Mr. Cox effectively shattered the fallacious premises of Mr. Wheatley. But his dismissal of the Socialistic arguments implied the infallibility, or at least the irrefragability, of

the inherent superiority of the present system of Capitalism. A system can best be judged by its results. Have the results of the Capitalistic organisation of society been flattering? This last decade has seen internecine wars, serious industrial disruption, social discontent, and protracted unemployment. Are we not forced to confess that Capitalistic Society has undoubted weaknesses? Open-minded, prospective Conservatives hesitate. The absolutist Capitalist appears to be as uninviting as the absolutist Socialist.

I believe Mr. Cox will agree that the Capitalistic organisation of society has not been the progenitor of a golden age. Let me quote the prejudiced words of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald :—

> **Unemployment crises are inherent in the industrial system of Capitalism, and are a proof that Capitalism as a system of production and distribution cannot run steadily and smoothly, and therefore cannot be accepted by society as a satisfactory method of supplying the needs of the people.**

Judging by results there would seem to be a modicum of truth in his statement. Capitalism has not produced a panacea for the numerous ills which beset society to-day. Its machinery has broken down frequently, and at present its behaviour is somewhat erratic.

Equally impracticable are the ephemeral writings of the disciples of Socialism. Their basic dogma is, to quote their archpriest, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "The enemy of the community is in reality Capitalism, whose economic system is at war with reason and equity."

Socialists desire the subversion of the Capitalistic State, and the obvious method is revolution. Revolution is evolution in a hurry, and though visionary sociologists maintain that the ultimate form of society will be Socialistic, the gradual process of growth cannot be expedited without cataclysmic consequences. The democratisation of industry is blazoned forth with ludicrous inattention to its complete significance. Industrial and functional bodies are to supplant the House of Commons, and the Second Chamber will be abolished as an anachronism. The involved fabric of a Socialist State cannot be summarised. Its theoretical perfection will be a reflected glory upon the unit who assists in its erection. Man's hand will no longer be in his brother's pocket (Capitalistic State), but in his brother's hand

(Socialistic State). And the material for the construction of this transcendental Utopia is to be corporeal Man!

Arrayed on either side we have the Goliath-Capital and the David-Labour. The Socialist is adamant upon the destruction of Capitalism; the Capitalist equally adamant upon the suppression of Socialism. To avoid the Biblical solution of the hostility, some method of readjustment must be evolved by modern politicians. It seems fatuously futile for both parties vociferously to acclaim the perfection of their own sacrosanct creeds.

Such are some of the mental phases which are experienced by youthful politicians. And certain statements in Mr. Cox's article engendered similar lines of thought. He, seemingly, avers the satisfactory state of modern Capitalistic society. The cracks in its edifice are the result of the hostility of its unappreciative opponents. To quote Mr. Cox: "The blame for unemployment does not lie with Capitalism; it lies with the reckless wage-earner who increases his family without regard to future risk. It is the business of the wage-earner to appreciate the fact and regulate the size of his family accordingly." How facilely written! Such an easy matter!

But Mr. Cox's discovery of one of the causes of unemployment is not new. In 1798 Malthus demonstrated from history that population had been delimited by two classes of checks: (1) Positive, such as war, famine and disease, and (2) Prudential, such as delaying the time of marriage, and celibacy. Further, he explained that means of subsistence increased in arithmetical progression, whereas population multiplied in geometrical progression, and that, unless checks were placed on the rate of growth of the population, starvation was inevitable. This observation was based on the Brazen Law of Wages (now abandoned as untenable), which stated that the amount of capital devoted to the remuneration of labour was fixed. If the number of labourers were increased the individual quota of this fixed sum would become proportionately less. Malthus, among other of the economists of his day, urged on the labouring classes a voluntary restriction of the number of children as the only way to secure higher wages. A popular phrase, worn threadbare in discussions anent this subject, was "The Standard of Comfort or Living." The Economists

asserted that in each social class there is a mode of living recognised as the minimum possible for that class, and that the majority should not marry until they had reasonable expectations of bringing up their prospective families in that mode. The conditions of wage-earners, therefore, could only be improved by raising the standard of living. Mr. Cox's arguments for the restriction of families have these old theories as their background.

Briefly, the position is this. Taking Mr. Cox's diagnosis of the cause of unemployment, two suggestions can be deduced which purport to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. They must limit their families—the onus is upon themselves. Or, their standard of comfort must be raised—the onus is upon the State. How are these suggestions to be rendered effective? There are two obvious methods. First, the universal dissemination of knowledge of contraceptive methods, cheap enough to be within reach of working people. But what a myriad objections arise! Second, the raising of the standard of comfort of the working classes by educational methods so as to enable them to realise the moral and social responsibility attendant upon parenthood. Education of the masses has been unreasonably opposed by Capitalists as tending only to produce "Labour unrest." "Capitalism" (says Mr. MacDonald) "was shocked and injured to find that Labour not only understood the ways of Capitalism but imitated them, scamped work for profit, used every opportunity for exploitation, and drove hard bargains on wages markets."

And so the vicious circle of argument continues. Education is necessary to make the labourer realise the vital necessity of restricting his family; education will also make the labourer better equipped for the struggle against the Capitalist. To encourage education would thus appear to be suicide to the Capitalist.

The few points I have touched on are typical of the political doubts which cloud the minds of younger politicians. These may be political growing pains and but transitory—I cannot tell. My plea is this, Cannot our Conservative elders be less stolid and more explanatory? Can they save us from forming such anomalous organisations as the "Labour" Wing of the Conservative Party? Compromises are ever unsatisfactory.

The Politics of Youth

By Harold Cox

I HAVE been interested in reading the article by my youthful namesake, because it recalls to me some of the ideas that floated in my own mind when I was as young as he apparently now is. In this respect we can both claim to be normal human beings. It is the habit of youth—and on the whole a healthy habit—to assume that the troubles of the world are all removable, and to frame schemes for their immediate removal.

Shortly after I took my degree at Cambridge I decided that as a step towards helping to make the world better I would try to link my life with that of the poorest manual labourers and to live as they lived. By means of a letter addressed to an agricultural paper I got into touch with a farmer in Kent, a broad-minded man who thoroughly appreciated the spirit of my venture. He agreed to take me on as an unskilled labourer and to give me food and lodging in his own house. I still look back with pleasure, and with profit, to the conversations we used to have together over meals—his practical experience of life gently balanced against my youthful idealism. My days were spent working in the fields with the other labourers. I made many friends among them, and I soon began to feel that I should get to know them better still if I actually lived with a labourer's family. The farmer agreed to pay me a small money wage, and I went to live in one of the farm cottages.

Life went smoothly and happily, but I felt that I was making little advance. So after a time I proposed to the labourer with whom I lived that we should take a farm, and that he and I and his family should all live together and work together, sharing results amongst us. We talked it over with the farmer, who was very friendly about it, and helped us in many ways. But the responsibility for selecting the farm for our communistic venture remained—as far

as I remember—solely with me. It was just the farm to appeal to a young idealist. It was in a fascinating district of Surrey; there was a comfortable farmhouse; there were excellent buildings. But, as we subsequently discovered, the soil was hopelessly infertile. I had a hundred pounds of my own, and one or two friends lent me a few hundreds more. The landlord agreed to take a moderate rent, not more than the house alone was worth as a residence.

We started in the best of spirits. As a small detail, I recollect that we bought a large round table for our meals in the kitchen, so that no question should arise as to who should sit at the top or at the bottom. The work was shared out amongst us. The dairying and poultry business went fairly well, and one of my weekly jobs was to take eggs and butter to the neighbouring town on a carrier tricycle, the gift of a friend.

After a time we found that there was more work to be done on the land than the labourer and his two sons and myself could manage, so we took on another man at the current weekly wage of the district. He was quite satisfied and worked well. But my youthful idealism was revolted at the lowness of the wage, and I argued with my partners that we ought to pay the man more. They were indignant, and to some extent justly so. "You and we are sharing alike," they said, "and it is not fair to put up his wage at our expense." The somewhat heated discussions ended by my saying that I would personally undertake the responsibility of paying a decent wage to any man we employed, and that I would pay an equal wage to them. With that decision the communistic partnership came to an end; but we continued to live together and work together in a quite friendly spirit.

Gradually the hard facts of finance made themselves felt. Our slender capital was nearly exhausted, and there was no prospect of any appreciable return. We appealed to the Kentish farmer for advice. He came and, after looking over the farm carefully, pronounced the situation hopeless. That was the end of the experiment. The labourer and his family went back to their old job on the Kentish farm and to their old cottage; it had been quietly kept vacant by the farmer in the expectation that they would want it again. The Kentish farmer also took over

at a very fair price all the remnants of our farming stock. The Surrey landlord who owned our farm refused to take a penny of the rent we had agreed to pay. I went off to other climes to earn a living by other means, and in the course of a few years I was able to pay back the capital I had borrowed. The lenders refused to accept any interest on the loans.

This early experience lingers in my mind rather as a pleasant memory than as an argument against Socialism. I continued to look favourably on Socialism for several years longer, and was only cured of that inclination by becoming better acquainted with the actual teachings of the Socialist school.

These personal reminiscences are provoked by my namesake's appeal to his youth. I hope I may be excused for telling him that I also have been young. His position to-day seems to be as vague as my ideals then were. He appears to argue that to condemn Socialism implies a belief that Capitalism is perfect. People who have had even a moderately long experience of human life know well that nothing human is perfect. All that the defenders of Capitalism claim is that it is immensely better than Socialism, and that it has in actual fact very greatly improved the conditions of life for people of all classes. One may, indeed, safely say that human progress is mainly due to the development of capital, slowly expanding in form and extent, from the primitive flint axe to the steam hammer, from the spinning wheel to modern textile machinery, from the canoe to the ocean steamship, from the bullock cart and camel to the railway train and the motor car.

Concurrently with this development of capital there has been a lengthening of human life, an increase in the comforts and luxuries that even the poorest classes can enjoy, and a wonderful expansion in the variety of human occupations and pleasures. This material progress has been accompanied by a considerable amount of moral and intellectual progress. We murder one another less frequently than did our ancestors, and we no longer burn at the stake people who venture to criticise the dominant religious creed. It is no answer to these outstanding facts to point to the continued existence of a vast amount of

human misery. It would be as reasonable to blame Capitalism because we occasionally have the toothache.

That the advantages produced by Capitalism are less evenly distributed is, as I previously urged, largely the fault of the poorer classes themselves. If they had smaller families their position in the labour market would be strengthened, and the capitalist would have to pay more for the labour he requires. Mr. H. E. Cox seems partially to accept this proposition, but argues that it is not an easy matter for the poorer classes to limit their families. To a certain extent he is right, though he overlooks the fact that family limitation has been practised in all countries and in all ages. In England our population was almost stationary from the days of Elizabeth down to the middle of the eighteenth century. The subsequent development of steam machinery created a demand for child labour, and families were increased to meet the new demand.

The practice of having large families still continues in our urban slums, though the demand for child labour has ceased. Not only are young children now rightly forbidden to work in the mills as they used to do a hundred years ago, but even after they have reached the age of fourteen it is difficult for many of them to find work. The problem of the unemployed child has, in fact, now become a political question, and we even find Conservative Members of Parliament proposing to meet the difficulty by starting old age pensions at an earlier age than seventy in the hope of making room for more young persons in the labour market. Why a man should be compelled to leave off working when he is still able and willing to work these Tory Socialists do not explain.

Surely the real responsibility rests upon the parents who brought these children into the world. The State did not beget them; the taxpayer did not call for them. They have been born into a country already overcrowded and urgently needing a reduction of population. That the parents might have taken measures to prevent their birth is proved by the fact that in country districts parents even poorer than those who produce our excessive town population make a practice of limiting their families. This is a matter in which the richer classes might well help the poorer. Societies already exist for this purpose, and if

their operations could be extended an enormous amount of needless suffering would be prevented and the standard of living of the poorer classes would in a few years be greatly improved. It is hardly necessary to add that if ever a Socialist State were established, the need for imposing rigid limits on the growth of population would become obvious to everybody, and either birth control would be made compulsory or the community would revert, as in Plato's Republic, to abortion and infanticide.

The final importance of the problem of our population does not, in fact, in any way affect the issue between Capitalism and Socialism. The only distinction is that—as in all other matters—what is voluntary under Capitalism would become compulsory under Socialism.

That, indeed, is the broad difference between the two systems. Capitalism rests upon the institution of private property, accompanied by personal liberty. In the absence of personal liberty the spirit of enterprise disappears and progress ceases. Equally is it true that the development of capital, with all the boons it has brought to mankind, would have been impossible without private property. The desire for private ownership is one of the most fundamental of human instincts. Every man wants to hold as his own the thing he has made for himself or bought for himself. If he is not allowed to do so, the impetus to industry disappears; a minimum of wealth is produced and no progress is made. The spread of the Socialist creed has done nothing whatever to weaken the fundamental human desire for personal property. Very few Socialists show any willingness to sacrifice their own belongings for the good of humanity. I have, indeed, met Socialists who are almost unpleasantly crude in their expression of personal selfishness.

One further point. My youthful namesake assumes that I am a Conservative. I am not, in fact, a member of any political party. I mistrust them all; they are mostly engaged in obstructing progress. Nor am I a Conservative in the more general sense of the word as implying a desire to maintain established conditions solely because they are established. On the contrary, I am a very keen advocate of quite a number of reforms, some of which my namesake might even regard as revolu-

tionary. It would take a good many pages of THE ENGLISH REVIEW to expound them all. Some of them would, in my belief, add immensely to human health and happiness; others would help greatly to develop educational progress; others would add to the convenience of life and to the smooth working of commerce. Nobody would be injured by any of these reforms, but they would conflict with the conservative instincts of the mob. Therefore, the average voter dismisses them as fads and no politician will touch them.

To sum up: I hold that human progress necessarily depends on personal initiative and personal effort. Therefore, to secure progress we must leave the individual free to pursue his own undertakings at his own risk, subject only to the condition that he is not injuring the rest of the community. This does not in the least imply that individuals ought to allow themselves to be guided solely by selfish motives. Happily for the world, the desire for personal advantage is not the only human instinct; there is also in most human beings an instinct of mutual kindliness. Both instincts are of fundamental importance. We need for human progress not only the stimulus of self-help, but also the safeguard of self-sacrifice. But so far as Governments are concerned, the less they interfere the better, except for the prevention of dishonesty and violence. These views may appear at present to my namesake hopelessly atavistic, but I hope that long before he has reached my age experience will have taught him their value.

The Trade Union (Political Fund) Bill

The Attitude of the Conservative Party

By Cuthbert Headlam, M.P., D.S.O.

No one who has studied the recent speeches delivered by the Prime Minister at Birmingham, in the House of Commons and at Leeds, can fail to be impressed by the earnestness and sincerity of his plea for industrial peace. He is making an appeal for a better understanding and a mutual toleration amongst all classes of the community, which it is profoundly to be hoped will not fall upon deaf ears.

In the House of Commons on March 6th, in his speech on the motion for the second reading of the Trade Union (Political Fund) Bill, Mr. Baldwin, whilst admitting the truth of much that was urged by those who were in favour of the Bill, and acknowledging the elementary justice of the principle for which they were contending, begged his own supporters, and the Opposition, to endeavour to remedy what he described as "the three points which trade unionists themselves know are their weak spots," in a spirit of mutual forbearance and without recourse to legislation.

After this eloquent and intensely human speech it was clear that the further progress of Mr. Macquisten's Bill was out of the question. The Conservative Party responded to the call of its leader, and, whilst recording its approval of the principle of political liberty embodied in the Bill, refused to allow a measure of "such far-reaching importance" to be conducted through Parliament by a private member. It was a great personal triumph for Mr. Baldwin, because many of his most loyal followers were practically pledged to support the Bill, and may have no little difficulty in explaining to their constituents why they did not do so.

Their action, in my opinion, was due neither to moral cowardice, as some of their own extreme supporters may suggest, nor to political manœuvring as their opponents

may urge, but to a determination to act in the best interests of the whole community, and not to utilise their power in Parliament to do anything that might conceivably retard the re-establishment of industrial peace.

The "three weak spots" in trade union administration, to which the Prime Minister especially alluded in his speech in the House of Commons, are connected with the present method for "contracting out" of the compulsory political levy, the system of ballot, and the manner of book-keeping. He made no reference to "peaceful picketing," but it is only fair to suppose that this omission was an oversight.

Now there can be no doubt that if those who are responsible for the control and administration of trade unions are themselves ready and willing to reform the prevailing abuses regarding these important matters, and will use their influence effectively to prevent the bullying of minorities which to-day exists in certain of the unions, it is far better that these reforms should be carried out by them than by the direct action of Parliament. "The whole tradition of our country," as the Prime Minister remarked, "has been to let Englishmen develop their own associations in their own way." "But," as he went on to say, "there are limits to that"—for it is also a tradition in this country that every man should be allowed to profess openly, without fear of intimidation and boycotting, the political opinions in which he believes.

If only it were possible for employers and employed to come together in a non-political atmosphere, it might be possible to restore harmony in the industrial world and to improve the administration of trade unions. Unfortunately, however, it is to be feared that this is exactly what is well nigh impossible in these days. All, or nearly all, the men's leaders are associated directly, or indirectly, with a political party which is pledged to a policy, the avowed object of which is to bring an end to private enterprise, and to substitute State or municipal ownership for that of the individual. It seems, therefore, almost too much to expect that there will be any practical response to Mr. Baldwin's appeal from the trade union leaders. Nevertheless, the "gesture" which has been made by the Conservative Party is a fine one, and its declared intention,

not to avail itself of the great majority which it now possesses in Parliament and in the country in the interest of its own supporters should appeal to the better instincts of its less extreme political opponents. But if industrial peace cannot be secured in the way indicated by the Prime Minister, the Government, sooner or later, will have to face facts if it intends to maintain the law of the land and to preserve the rights of individuals.

We Conservatives must have the courage of our convictions. We must see that members of trade unions who are not Socialists are free to express their opinions and to enjoy the fullest political liberty. There is too great a tendency amongst us at the present time to resign ourselves to the pitiable doctrine that in a democracy "minorities must suffer." It is the duty of the Conservative Party to see that the interests of minorities are safeguarded by the law, and that his political freedom is guaranteed to every citizen.

Mr. Macquisten's Bill, in my opinion, did not go far enough, although if it had been placed on the Statute Book, it would undoubtedly have been of more assistance to trade unionists who are not followers of the Socialist Party than some Conservative members would have us believe. But, as the Prime Minister said, there are other details in the present management of trade union affairs which require overhauling. All these matters are left for the time being to the trade union leaders to put in order for themselves.

We Conservatives must watch and see what use they make of their opportunity. Judging by the tone of the Socialist members who spoke in the House of Commons on March 6th, I confess that I personally am not very hopeful that they will address themselves seriously to the task of reform. They all seemed to be convinced that their unions were the most perfect institutions that human ingenuity could devise. But most of them appeared to base their arguments on the supposition that all—or, at any rate, the vast majority—of their members were Socialists. I do not believe that this is the case, or there would not be a large Conservative majority in the House of Commons. What is undoubtedly true, however, is that the extremists in many trade unions have gained

possession of the administrative machinery and have no intention of relinquishing their control. It is our duty as a party to endeavour to revive the courage of our working class supporters so that they may assert themselves in their unions on their own behalf—and then, if it is found that the existing law is disregarded by our opponents or is not strong enough for the purposes for which it was intended, we must amend it. We must not be fearful of misrepresentation or be turned from our course by the threat of revolution. It is not safe for democracy that any body of citizens should be a law unto themselves. Trade unions are the creation of Parliament, and Parliament must be supreme.

Will M. Caillaux Come Back to Power?

By Stéphane Lauzanne
(Editor-in-Chief of "Le Matin.")

THE astounding thing in France is the extreme rapidity with which the most popular public men lose their popularity and the most unpopular public men regain their popularity. M. Joseph Caillaux is a new proof of this.

The story of Caillaux is but a suite of tragic ups and downs, and to trace his picture faithfully it would be necessary to call upon the genius of a Sophocles.

He began his political career with the dawn of the present century, in 1900. He made his first bow under the wing of one of the greatest statesmen of the Third Republic, Waldeck-Rousseau. He entered public life as Minister of Finance. His father, who had been a member of the Government headed by Marshal MacMahon, was most moderate and conservative in his policy. He had himself been brought up in a *bourgeois* family, and was considered by all to be both conservative and moderate. Frenchmen, therefore, who stood for moderation and conservatism, were glad to see him in the public eye. And it may be said that during the two years that he administered the finances of the nation under the Premiership of Waldeck-Rousseau, he gave not even the slightest indication that he would one day turn his back on these principles.

It was only four or five years later that he showed his true character—that of a radical breaking loose from former traditions. A grave fiscal problem faced the French Government: should it, or should it not, adopt the income-tax? M. Caillaux had long studied the system in vogue in England and in the United States; and he was seduced by the theoretic justice of the tax on incomes. He pronounced himself strongly in favour of

applying it in France. But in France a great majority were against the income-tax. France is a country which, in the matter of taxes, has a very particular spirit. There is perhaps no better taxpayer in the entire world than the French *bourgeois*. He grumbles a bit, it is true, but he always pays. He only pays more voluntarily if he isn't worried, if his private business isn't meddled with, if no one endeavours to gauge his fortune. One formality in particular went against his grain in the application of the income-tax—the necessity of declaring his income. In France, a father does not even tell his son the amount of his income, nor do brothers confide this matter to each other; it can therefore be very well imagined that a Frenchman has no desire to confide in the Government. Three-fourths of France, therefore, rose in anger against the application of the income-tax.

M. Caillaux's fault lay not in the fact that he presented and defended an unpopular law: it is the duty of every statesman to brave unpopularity when he considers a reform just. His fault lay in the fact that he presented the income-tax without consideration for the feelings of those he offended. He presented it aggressively—brutally almost. The demagogues and the Socialists acclaimed him wildly. "At last!" Jaurés exclaimed, "we shall have a census of fortune in France. And in the mouths of Socialists the word "census" is a mere camouflage of the word "confiscation." On the other hand, the middle class, the peasantry, and all who possessed small fortunes—the majority in France—were afraid. All looked askance at the young leader who, although he himself possessed a comfortable income, menaced the incomes of others. Everyone felt anxious or angry with this conservative who had suddenly become the idol of the radicals. He was called the plutocratic demagogue. And this was the first falling out that M. Caillaux had with public opinion in France.

Another misunderstanding—more grave this time—occurred. M. Caillaux had been Minister of Finance under several Premiers, notably under M. Clemenceau, who used to say, "I have two Ministers with whom I can do nothing: one is Briand, and the other is Caillaux. One thinks he is Christ; and the other thinks himself

Napoleon." In 1911 M. Caillaux became Premier. Suddenly, he found himself face to face with one of the gravest crises that France had experienced before the war —that of Morocco. Eight days after the new Premier had come into power the Kaiser sent the *Panther* to Agadir. It was at the same time a warning and a menace. It was necessary to negotiate with Germany—a negotiation that was arduous, painful, and replete with thorny difficulties.

M. Caillaux showed himself to be resolute, active, and courageous. He maintained the cause of France and disputed every step. But, instead of negotiating with Germany through the usual channel, that is, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and through the duly accredited ambassadors, he negotiated through his own agents—a business man by the name of Fondere, an advertising man by the name of Alphonse Lenoir, and a banker named Spitzer. When this was aired it caused some scandal.

I remember how one evening in August, 1911, I personally called M. Caillaux's attention to the emotion engendered by his use of such strange negotiators.

"I am working in the best interests of peace and of my country," he replied rather harshly. "I have the right to choose the instruments I think best suited to the purpose."

And at the same time the Quai d'Orsay, ignoring everything, continued its negotiations through the usual diplomatic channels. Disastrous in itself, this state of affairs proved to be even more disastrous in its after effects, creating an incident of extreme gravity that weighed heavily on the political career of M. Caillaux, affecting his very destiny.

For many years the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs had been in possession of the secret code used by the German diplomatic service. When a telegram was therefore sent by the German Embassy in Paris to the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin, the Quai d'Orsay knew its contents at once, just as if the message had been written out plainly. It was of incalculable advantage to French diplomacy, as it was thus able to see all the cards. One day, in the course of a secret conference with Germany through the agency of his financiers, M. Caillaux, either

negligently or in a moment of forgetfulness, exclaimed: "Why should Germany refuse me this concession? I know that the German Government has already instructed its ambassadors to grant it." It was a bad slip, as he thus showed that he had deciphered the correspondence that had been going on between Wilhelmstrasse and the German Embassy in Paris.

The repercussion was terrible. First of all, Germany naturally changed the code, and the Quai d'Orsay lost an important advantage. Then all Frenchmen who were aware of this incident were naturally indignant, accusing M. Caillaux of having, through his carelessness, compromised one of the most important of his country's defences.

This was the second misunderstanding to occur between M. Caillaux and his countrymen. And the consequence of this misunderstanding was tragic indeed.

Among the men who were aware of all the details regarding the arduous negotiations of 1911, and particularly the code incident, was M. Gaston Calmette, managing editor of the *Figaro*. When in the spring of 1914 M. Caillaux came into power for the third time as Minister of Finance, in a Cabinet presided over by M. Doumergue, Calmette and the *Figaro* opened a violent campaign against him. We know how it ended—in blood.

One evening in March, 1914, as M. Caillaux entered his office in the Ministry of Finance the telephone bell rang. He took up the receiver and heard this terribly laconic message: "Monsieur le Ministre, your wife has just killed Calmette."

Calmette died several hours after he had been shot by Mme. Caillaux. Caillaux was obliged to resign, and Mme. Caillaux, arrested, was tried and acquitted. . . . That is common history. But what is less known is that on Calmette's body were found several secret documents on green paper—the very documents that established the fact that M. Caillaux had by his imprudence apprised Germany of France's knowledge of her diplomatic code.

Six days after Mme. Caillaux had been acquitted, in July, 1914, another drama surged upon the world stage—

a drama that has left the peoples of the earth panting with exhaustion—the Great War. In the immensity of the drama that unrolled itself the Caillaux case would have been easily forgotten. It was enough that M. Caillaux secluded himself and kept quiet. But it has never been in M. Caillaux's nature to remain in seclusion and hold his peace. In December, 1916, he went to Rome, and there, at the most critical moment of the war, spoke in such a manner to the Italian statesmen that M. Aristide Briand, then Premier of France, who is one of the most indulgent and conciliatory of men, was forced to send the following telegram to the French Ambassador at Rome:

PARIS, *December 25th*, 1916.

I beg to inform M. Sonnino that M. Caillaux is in no way authorised to speak in any manner in the name of the Government, Parliament, or French opinion. If what you have been informed with regard to his statements is true, they strictly represent his own personal opinion, and should what he said be known in France, it is certain to cause general reprobation. (*Signed*) ARISTIDE BRIAND.

A second telegram sent out on December 26th, 1916, was even more energetic. M. Briand asked the French Ambassador at Rome to tell the Italian Government "that it is free to act as it seems fit with regard to M. Caillaux" that is, free to arrest him. The Italian Government did not arrest M. Caillaux, but seized all his papers, which were in a safety vault in Florence, and put them at the disposal of France. Two of these papers have since become famous. Both were in M. Caillaux's handwriting and were respectively entitled "The Rubicon" and "The Suspects."

"The Rubicon" was nothing more or less than a project to overthrow the legal Government. The author endeavoured to show how, with the aid of several Corsican regiments, he could overthrow the existing Government established by the Constitution and with several friends assume the dictatorship. The list of "Suspects" comprised the names of men in the public eye, politicians, members of Parliament, newspaper managers, whom it would be necessary to arrest or exile.

In self-defence, M. Caillaux claimed that these documents were but the result of his intimate dreams, which he had put on paper; and that no one had any more right

to question him regarding these than regarding the intimate thoughts inscribed in his brain.

Nevertheless, the French Senate, acting as a Supreme Court of Justice, by a narrow majority found him guilty and condemned him to three years' imprisonment, one year's suspension of his civic rights and interdiction from residing in Paris for a period of five years.

Thus runs the story of M. Caillaux's past. I have given some space to this past, first because it helps one better to understand M. Caillaux's character, and again because it may help to forecast his future.

He is a man of exceptional ability and of exceptional faults. He is possessed of real courage; but his courage has ever pushed him to rub popular sentiment, or the nation, the wrong way. He is possessed of a remarkable intelligence; but his intelligence has never stood him in good stead when danger threatened. He is certainly honest; but he has ever surrounded himself with some of the worst adventurers and rascals on earth. Above all, he is possessed of a febrile impulsivity and a morbidness that causes him to lend an ear to the latest speaker, being unable to discern truth from lies and flattery.

I had the opportunity of judging him myself one tragic evening in the summer of 1911, when France was within an inch of war. I came to see him, as I had come to see him every evening at the Home Office, where I found him nervous, agitated and anxious.

"May I," I inquired, "ask you the cause of the trouble?"

"You may," he replied, and, handing me a paper, he exclaimed tersely, "read this . . ."

It was an alarming report on the military situation of France. The writer pointed out that the troops, which were at the time executing a series of manœuvres in the East, were not well trained, that the war material was bad, that the aviation of the country was mere child's play, and, briefly, that, if war broke out, France would surely be defeated.

"Who sent you that?" I asked. "Does it come from General Headquarters or from some high military authority?"

"No," he replied. "It has been sent to me anonymously. Don't you consider it disquieting?"

That was, and that is, Caillaux. He was then Premier, having at his beck and call every possible source of information and every power of investigation; yet he believed an anonymous communication. An anonymous letter was enough to shake his judgment and disturb his calm!

During the last four years he has led a miserable existence. Every time that he showed himself in public he was certain to be ill-treated and insulted. He was sure to find in his path a former soldier or the mother of a dead soldier who showered reproaches on his head. But, since two months, a remarkable change has taken place. Some newspapers which abused him daily remain silent. Some others have even whispered that, after all, M. Caillaux has been one of the ablest financiers of the Third Republic, and that the Republic was at present in dire need of financial brains. Finally, at the funeral of Anatole France Caillaux for the first time appeared in public before a Parisian crowd. Not only was he not insulted, but many people took off their hats to him on his way, and General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris, one of the most glorious soldiers of the war, shook him cordially by the hand. An extraordinary and unexpected scene indeed!

Of course, after that, there is more than ever a rumour that M. Caillaux will soon come back to power. He has, in fact, a most implacable enemy—*himself*. It is this enemy that caused his downfall. It is this enemy that has kept him from regaining his position after the tragedies in which he figured. Will this enemy keep him once more from resuming it to-morrow? M. Caillaux is like a powerful engine without brakes. One never knows what he is liable to do! He has already derailed several times. And there is nothing that people fear more than to travel in a train with an unreliable engine. But few engines are available now. M. Caillaux may therefore be tried again. And he may derail once more!

The Dangers of Penal Taxation

By Otto H. Kahn

[*The following paper, written last year by the American banker, Mr. Otto Kahn, for private circulation in America, is so applicable to present conditions in England that we have obtained his kind permission to publish it on the eve of the introduction of the Budget. Only those passages which related to matters exclusively American have been omitted.*—ED., *E.R.*]

IN discussing the matter of tax revision, we must first clear our minds on the question whether what we seek to accomplish is to find the fairest, most effective and least burdensome way to obtain the revenues needed for the economical administration of Government, or whether, under the guise of a taxation measure, we mean to penalise success and, in times of peace, pursue a policy of virtual confiscation of large incomes. It will hardly be gainsaid that a law which subjects a person's income to a levy rising to a scale of 58 per cent.* through direct federal taxation, in addition to which such a person is subject to municipal, State, and various other federal taxes, not to mention indirect taxes, *is* an attempt at virtual confiscation.

A FUNDAMENTAL CHOICE

It is a sober fact that the maintenance of the traditional and basic American conception of liberty and orderly progress presupposes respect and protection for the property rights of the individual, within those bounds, naturally, which are inherent in enlightened regard for the public welfare, and subject to the just and reasonable exercise of the superior rights of the community at large.

That doctrine is one of the pillars of the structure of American institutions. You cannot seriously weaken one pillar of that structure without endangering the whole.

* Since this was written the maximum super-tax in America has been reduced to 40 per cent. In England it is 52½ per cent.

There are only two ways in which the working fund and the energy needed for the conduct of the nation's industries can be provided.

The first one is, subject to reasonable control and to the watchfulness of public opinion, to give free scope to individual initiative, enterprise, and responsibility, and to stimulate men to effort, to thrift, and to self-denial by the incentive of reward.

Under that system America* gradually advanced to a condition which, though still far from giving ground for complacent self-approbation, does result in greater productiveness coupled with less drudgery, and does offer to the masses of the people an aggregate of more widely diffused prosperity, fairer opportunity, better living conditions, and a greater share in the comforts of life than have ever been attained before. It is to a large extent the impetus derived from the generations-old practice of that system and of the methods established and resources accumulated under it which warrants and accounts for our continuing prosperity, notwithstanding the handicap of the grave economic defects of our taxation policy. Certain premonitory symptoms of maladjustments attributable thereto are, however, beginning to become discernible on the horizon.

The second way is to look to the State for being the universal dispenser and provider and regulator. That is Socialism, or, in its more thorough-going manifestation, Communism, as eloquently exemplified in Soviet Russia.

It is impossible for the methods of individualism, on which our economic, social, and political system is based, to function adequately if both the growth of capital resources needed for industry, and the reward of effort and risk, continue everlastingly to be curtailed as drastically as they are curtailed under the existing scheme of taxation, or as they would be under the proposed democratic scheme. The two things and aims are simply not reconcilable.

The question is not what is the effect of extreme super-

*A similar propitious development, though to a lesser degree, was taking place in most of the leading nations of the world until the advent of the dreadful catastrophe of the late war—which, be it remembered, found a Government of Liberal-Radical composition in office in England, France, and Italy, and for the outbreak of which the responsibility lies at the door of forces quite other than "capitalism."

taxes on the small number of men whom they reach directly, but what is the effect, unescapable though subtle, slow-working and not always easily discernible to the surface view, upon all the people.

The whole theory—never, prior to the war, tried in practice nor countenanced by public opinion—of levying huge toll on the usufruct of capital and the material reward of energy, ability, and enterprise—not as an emergency measure, but under normal conditions—is not workable under the established system of government.

So evident does this become when the matter is brought out to its logical conclusion that those who favour the application of that theory are fairly called upon to state whether they deliberately mean to change the system (and if so, how) under which the people of America have prospered as those of no other country.

In this, as in other matters, we are coming to the choice between the theory and practice of individualism, ever adapting it to the changing needs and the social progress of the day, but retaining its tested and solid basis; and the theory and practice of Socialism, near-Socialism, and kindred creeds.

The Need for Incentive and Reward

Just as the purpose of punishment is to deter, so the purpose of reward is to stimulate. The community must stimulate men, and especially men of productive and directive ability, to work to the full measure of the capacities they possess.

That is the practice which men of large affairs follow in the conduct of their business. They are always on the look-out for brains and capacity, and ready to give liberal reward to the possessors of those gifts.

They pay the price willingly because they know that there is no better and more remunerative investment than are men of uncommon ability, and none is more greatly in demand or of more limited supply.

That observation, amply demonstrated by long experience, holds good equally as applied to the community.

It is hardly open to question that the work of able and honest men, while naturally of financial benefit to them-

selves, benefits to a much greater extent the country at large. Many examples might be cited in proof of this.

Material reward, fortunately, is not the only incentive, even in business, which causes men to work and strive, but it is undeniably a very potent incentive.

Socialists and other adherents of ultra-advanced doctrines claim that the motives of social duty and service can be substituted effectively in ordinary workaday life for the motives of self-interest, ambition, and family, but such an allegation runs counter to the general characteristics of human nature and is entirely unsupported by experience.

In fact, the experiment has been tried numerous times and has failed invariably and completely.

The Use of Capital

The power of mere wealth is, I believe, generally overrated. That power in America has greatly decreased, largely through the vigorous and enlightened leadership of the late President Roosevelt, from what it was at the time he came into office.

It will, I am convinced, further decrease through the action of natural and inevitable circumstances.

The use of capital at the hands of its owners is a subject concerning which there exists a great deal of misapprehension and hazy thinking.

The rich man can spend only a relatively small sum of money unproductively or selfishly. The money that is in his power actually to waste is exceedingly limited.

The bulk of what he has *must* be spent and used for productive purposes. Even if we assume—a large assumption indeed—that the same thing applies to expenditures by the Government, there still remains the weighty difference that, generally speaking, the individual is more painstaking and discriminating in the use of his funds and at the same time bolder, more imaginative, more enterprising, and more constructive than the Government, with its necessarily bureaucratic and routine *régime*, possibly could be.

Moreover, inasmuch as Government is not stimulated by the expectation of reward nor deterred by the penalty

of failure as are individuals, its use of funds lends itself all too easily to wastefulness and political log-rolling.

Money in the hands of the individual is continually and feverishly in search of opportunities, *i.e.*, for creative and productive use. In the hands of the Government it is bound to lose a good deal of its fructifying energy and ceaseless striving and all of its dynamics and daring.

Government, in its very essence, is the monopoly of monopolies. It cannot but be affected with those shortcomings which spring from the absence of competition and the exercise of monopoly.

It is not true that under our economic and social system "the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer." On the contrary, the diffusion of wealth has been going on apace; the trend of things within the past twenty years has been greatly toward diminishing the difference in the standard and general way of living among the various categories of our population.

It is worth noting in this connection that if all incomes over ten thousand dollars were taken and distributed among those earning less than ten thousand dollars annually, the result, as near as it is possible to figure it out, would be that the incomes of those receiving that distribution would be increased barely 10 per cent.

And the consequence of any such division, while of little benefit to the recipients, would be an immense loss of national productivity by turning a powerful and fructifying stream into a mass of little rivulets, many of which would simply lose themselves in the sand.

Super-tax Blocks the Self-made Man

It is a well-known fact, characteristic of America, that our wealthiest men are not those who inherited their possessions, but those who started at the bottom of the ladder. That is as it should be, but it cannot continue so if our present taxation policy continues.

The road to conspicuous material success is blocked *to the newcomer* by the barricade of the super-taxes. Surprising though it may sound to the advocates of extreme super-taxes, it is a fact that *by these very taxes, existing wealth is fortified against would-be competitors, and the handicap against him who starts with little is made greater.*

Manifestly, for a man setting out with small capital, the possibility of accumulating large resources is very greatly diminished by a law which compels him to turn over to the Government in cash the larger part of that which conspicuous ability, inventive genius, daring enterprise, or good fortune may enable him to earn.

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While it is not correct to say that all taxes are passed on, it is a fact that there is a natural and general tendency to that effect and that very frequently taxes are shifted, and in the process of being shifted are made increasingly burdensome. It is a fact that taxation, however laid, does mean, in its direct or indirect results, to a greater or lesser degree, a burden on all the people, and that excessive or clumsy taxation does translate itself into higher costs for all. The following interesting excerpts from an article published in the *London Magazine* more than a century and a half ago, *i.e.*, in the year 1767, may be appropriately quoted in this connection :—

> Every tax does not only affect the price of the commodity on which it is laid, but that of all others, whether taxed or not, and with which at first it seems to have no manner of connection. . . . The increase of taxes must increase the price of everything whether taxed or not, and this is one principal cause of the present extraordinary advance of provisions and all the necessaries of life.

The conception of piling enormous super-taxes on the top in the expectation that they will not percolate downward is fallacious.

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Taxes must be paid in cash. You cannot pay them by turning over to the Government book assets or bills receivable or inventories. But while the outgo in taxes is all cash, the income of most businesses is cash only to a limited extent.

Business men, of necessity, have only a limited amount of their capital in the form of liquid or quickly realisable assets. They are vital for the correct and safe conduct of business, and it is just these assets which are absorbed by super-taxes. In fact, one of the most unsettling and, in the long run, most perilous influences of excessive super-taxes is the undue and ill-regulated drain of cash away from its normal channels into the coffers of the Government.

It is frequently said that what is accomplished by our high super-taxes is simply a dislocation or redistribution of funds and nothing more.

The money taken by these taxes does not vanish, so it is contended. It is merely taken out of the bulging pockets of the rich and put into general circulation again through being expended by the Government.

There is a two-fold answer to that plausible-sounding argument:

First, as I have pointed out before, money in the hands of the Government cannot possibly be anywhere nearly as active, dynamic, venturing and productive as in the hands of individuals.

Secondly, it is one of the functions, indeed, one of the implied duties, of capital in the hands of the well-to-do to take business risks and to further new enterprises. Much the larger part of the nation's liquid capital is owned by those of small and moderate means, either in the shape of investments or through deposits in savings banks, fraternal organisations, life insurance companies and kindred institutions.

These funds are not, generally speaking, and ought not to be, available for starting and financing new and untried undertakings. The capital which can afford to take, has an incentive to take, ought to take, and, prior to the enactment of our present tax policy, did take the risk inevitably connected with new ventures and the task of financing the pioneer work of the country, is that relatively moderate percentage of the nation's total liquid resources which is represented by the available funds of corporations and well-to-do individuals.

The capacity and readiness of capital to undertake that function and fulfil that task has been woefully crippled by the existing super-taxes, both because they have gone far to make the accumulation of liquid funds impossible and because they have very largely impaired the incentive to venturing and risk-taking.

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While it is true that big business has been expanding and has found no difficulty in obtaining funds for doing so (though borrowing was, and is, unduly costly, largely in

consequence of the high super-taxes), *there has been a distinct slackening in the starting of new and independent ventures*. This is a direct result of the fact that people will not engage in such ventures, or cannot find financial backers for them, owing to the discouragement of the super-taxes.

The operation of the super-taxes has increased, and inevitably tends to increase, the advantages which large and established concerns have over the venturesome, enterprising newcomer and pioneer who heretofore was a characteristic and desirable figure in American business. In other words, high super-taxes unavoidably tend to diminish competition and to intrench and fortify those who are in established positions.

The dynamics of capital are bound to deteriorate under the influence of extreme super-taxes, and some of it would sullenly resign itself to a much lessened return rather than venture into a game governed by the rule that it takes all the risk of possible loss, all the burden of work and worry, but gets only a minor share of possible profits.

You can take a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. You can starve capital but you cannot make it take the risk, worry and effort of new enterprise unless you hold out the eventuality of adequate reward.

Instead of stimulating and rewarding active, constructive, venturing capital, our existing taxation policy penalises such capital and puts a premium on idle, lazy, timorous capital by opening to it the haven of tax-exempt securities.

It is a flat contradiction of every sound principle of economic and social policy as well as of plain common sense.

With every desire to accord full and fair consideration and due respect to opinions differing from mine, I frankly fail to perceive how anything but purblind politics or prejudice so stubborn as to run counter to the very interests it seeks or professes to serve can stand in the way any longer of an adequate reduction of the super-taxes, in the face of the undeniable experiences obtained through the test of the past six years.

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There is a psychological element which might be termed

"the element of the fitness of things." It enters into the question of taxation.

Every law of the land, of course, is binding upon, and demands obedience from, every citizen, whether he likes it or not. But, nevertheless, experience has shown that the completely effective working of a statute requires that there be behind it that moral force which comes from its being recognised by right-minded citizens who are affected by it, as being within the bounds of equitableness and called for by the needs and the just regulation of the community.

It is illustrative of the action of that element that during the war, and for the first year or so after its conclusion, there was little endeavour (as proved by the income-tax returns) by those subject to the higher super-taxes to avoid them, even though tax-exempt securities and other legally permissible means of mitigating the rigour of such taxation were available. Capital felt under a moral compulsion, in the face of extraordinary circumstances of governmental requirements, to resign itself to bearing extraordinary burdens.

It was only when capital came to realise that these extraordinary circumstances, and with them the justification for extreme super-taxes, no longer existed; when it came to feel that the maintenance of such taxes was due not to the needs of the country but to political considerations or to class prejudice or sectional animosity, and that their continued exaction was something not far removed from economic violence—it was only then that capital took such steps as were lawfully open to it to escape from what it regarded as unwarrantably and unnecessarily burdensome taxation. This statement is clearly borne out by the following figures of super-taxes collected by the Government on incomes of $300,000 or above:—

1917	$201,937,975	1920	$134,709,112
1918	220,218,131	1921	84,797,344
1919	243,601,410		

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Extravagance, log-rolling, the unwise and inefficient expenditure of money by governmental bodies count among the acknowledged foibles of democracies. The structure of our income-tax schedule encourages these foibles, in that it creates, or encourages the belief, that

the great bulk of governmental expenditures is provided out of the pockets of the well-to-do without materially burdening the rest of the community.

The formula of a very small normal tax and enormous super-taxes acts as a strong stimulant to wastefulness on the part of executives, heads of departments and legislators, in that it tends to lessen their salutary qualms on the score of being held to account by the people for the resulting tax burdens.

It is all too invitingly easy to meet rising expenditures by giving the super-tax screw another twist of a few per cent., or to maintain an exorbitant level of expenditures in normal times by leaving the super-taxes at rates which were meant to cover the needs of an extraordinary emergency.

By the opiate of such taxation which *apparently* touches them but very little or not at all, the masses of the people are apt to be lulled into a sense of relative indifference to governmental wastefulness. But the facts remain awake and inexorably at work, and their working means, and has always meant, that governmental extravagance is visited not upon one class, but upon all the people.

Wrong economics, however well intentioned, have been more fruitful of harm to the people throughout history than almost any other single act of government.

If the principle is admitted that in times of peace Congress may confiscate one-half of a man's income, provided it exceeds $94,000, there is no very long step to fixing the permissible limit of earnings altogether at some arbitrary figure. It does not require a very profound knowledge of human nature or of history, past and contemporaneous, to appreciate the fatally destructive consequences which would be bound to follow any such aberration.

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The great majority of those who are leading and marshalling the movement in opposition to an effective reduction of the super-taxes come from States whose populations contribute a relatively very small share to the aggregate of the revenue raised by income-taxes and super-taxes.*

* In accordance with the universal democratic desire to live at the expense of others.—[Ed., "*E.R.*"]

Thus, for instance, for the last six months of 1923, the income-tax collected from the State of New York was $344,153,387, while the income-tax collected from the State of Iowa was $7,900,777; from the State of Minnesota was $12,765,541; from the State of Montana was $1,491,069; from the State of North Dakota was $607,220; from the State of South Dakota was $961,743.

In this connection, the following interesting and significant statement contained in a recent article by Mr. George W. Hinman, of Chicago, may appropriately be quoted:—

"The State of Iowa (population 2,500,000) has 500,000 passenger automobiles, but only 110,000 income-tax payers. The State of Minnesota (population 2,400,000) has 400,000 passenger automobiles, but only 124,000 income-tax payers. The State of Montana (population 550,000) has 65,000 passenger automobiles, but only 37,000 income-tax payers.

"The State of North Dakota (population 650,000) has 100,000 passenger automobiles, but only 18,000 income-tax payers. The State of South Dakota (population 630,000) has 120,000 passenger automobiles, but only 22,000 income-tax payers."

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It is often asked, "Why, if the super-taxes can be, and are, passed on, should the rich be opposed to their continuance?" I would answer:

First, the claim that super-taxes are wholly passed on is just as untenable as that they wholly rest upon the rich.

Secondly, strange as it may sound to certain ears, even rich men may be opposed to what they believe to be unwise and detrimental legislation, not because it concerns them selfishly, but because they are interested in the welfare of their country, because they have affection for and pride in it and dislike to see its progress and prosperity hampered and retarded.

Thirdly, having to do with the practical affairs of life and being presumably men of good practical judgment (otherwise they would not have been likely to achieve success), they have perhaps a particularly vivid realisation of the harmfulness and faultiness of our present method of taxation.

Fourthly, the degree of their own prosperity is necessarily bound up with that of the country's well-being; and even though, owing to a particular combination of circumstances, the country was prosperous last year and promises to be prosperous this year, they see in the existing taxation and in what it implies an interference with, and a menace to, the potentialities of productive achievement.

Fifthly, rich men continue in business not merely for the sake of financial reward but also for the satisfaction and interest which they derive from constructive and enterprising activity.

This is exemplified by some of the greatest and nationally most valuable developments and achievements of American business.

But such activity becomes impossible or, at least, unduly hazardous and uninviting unless liquid funds can be accumulated, and it is a manifest fact that no adequate surplus funds *can* be available to any but the very richest men after they have paid federal super-taxes on the present scale together with State and municipal taxes, and have provided for their personal and household expenses as well as for their contributions to charitable and other altruistic undertakings.

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I should like to record the argument which I heard from one of the leading economists of the country at a public meeting a few weeks ago :—

"Quite apart from all practical and economic considerations, I, a man of very modest means, cannot reconcile my sense of justice to the idea that it is right, in times of peace, for the Government to take in federal and other taxes nearly sixty per cent. of a man's income, or anywhere near that percentage.

"I believe such action is opposed to the common sense and the feeling of the fitness of things of the great majority of the plain people. Moreover, the constructive liberality of our rich men in giving away large portions of their funds for charitable and public welfare purposes is proverbial throughout the world.

"Universities, hospitals, religious institutions, research work, the arts, etc., are the beneficiaries of the wealth of our successful men to a degree which admittedly is

approached in no other country. It seems to me that this is a point which may well, and indeed should, be taken into account in measuring the exactions which may fairly and wisely be placed upon wealth, in the way of super-taxes."

Death Duties

The observations which I have submitted in respect to extreme super-taxes hold good equally in respect to unduly high death duties. I am convinced that progressive death duties ought to, and will, continue as a permanent feature of our fiscal policy; but, as in the case of super-taxes, the rule of reason and moderation must be applied in determining the limit to which such taxation can be imposed without defeating its own productivity and causing serious harm to the community at large.

To a certain degree the death duty, in its very nature, has the economic ill-effect of impairing or sometimes even destroying that which a lifetime of individual effort and planning has created.

Values and assets thus impaired or destroyed must be re-created, else production must fall behind. That means a duplication of work for each generation, a waste of national energy, and thus a loss to the community.

Another seriously untoward effect unavoidably inherent in death duties is that by such taxation a portion of *the capital fund of the nation* is transferred into the coffers of the Government, and by it *used for operating expenses.* That is a fundamental breach of the laws of sound corporate administration.

Its result, in the long run, unless the rate of taxation is kept within moderate limits, is bound to impair the necessary working funds of industry, and, incidentally, to destroy, in the end, the productivity of the tax itself.

Furthermore, there is inevitably present in death duties that element of social undesirability and of unfairness that it *leaves entirely untouched the wastrel who never laid by a cent in his life, and penalises him who practised industry, thrift and self-denial.*

It is a well-known fact that one of the most powerful inducements for men to work and save and spend themselves in effort is the thought of those whom they will

leave behind, and the desire for the perpetuation of that which they have built up.

If that inducement is too greatly reduced, it is open at least to serious question in what degree effort and thrift will be diminished, self-denial be displaced by self-indulgence, and one of the strongest driving forces be thus attenuated among those which hitherto served to make the wheels of the world's activities go round.

The privilege of handing down property by will is an essential part of the price which through many centuries the community has found it well and useful to pay as an incentive to men to work to the full measure of their capacities, as an inducement to save and to build up, and from other motives of even more fundamental import.

And if the result is tested by the achievement of material progress and enhanced productivity of the world and the increased well-being of the people, it appears worth the price. At least, no other means has yet been invented and stood the test of practical working which can be relied upon to produce the same result.

This entire matter of death duties, which on the surface seems so simple and non-controversial and is so appealing to one's sense of natural justice, has, in fact, manifold and complex and far-reaching repercussions, which it would lead too far to attempt to discuss on the present occasion.

The easy assumption in certain quarters that death duties on large fortunes ought to be made so heavy as practically to abolish the bequeathing of wealth to descendants and to start everybody in the race of life more or less on the basis of financial equality, overlooks fundamental and unchangeable facts.

The Last Caravanserai

By Llewelyn T. Rheol

THE glory of the sun was a red, live glory when Abdul Rahman opened his eyes that morning at Landi Khana, high up at the end of the Khyber Pass, but as its glory meant nothing to him but the heralding of another day and was apparent to all, he, who cared for none of the things that were apparent to and for the good of all, went his way amongst his servants and his animals. And, indeed, few there in that caravanserai thought about the glory of the sun; they had other things to do; for was not this day's night to see them in the caravanserai at Peshawur? Did not this day mean to them a day of peaceful marching on a good road? Hurry, hurry, lash tighter that camel's load. Look! that bullock's burden has fallen! O son of an owl, how could a house be safe on sand? And hurry, hurry out on to the road; get a place, get a place in the front, or the morning's night would find us looking for a corner in the caravanserai at Peshawur. Look! the van has started, and—the curses of Allah rest on him—that pig Abdul Rahman again was leading.

And Abdul Rahman knew that they, these others, these people with whom he had travelled every year from far away up in the hills of Afghanistan to Peshawur and back again, he knew they cursed him, he knew they hated him, and he knew why. He smiled as he heard the muttered curses of those whom he was passing, smiled as he saw them struggling with ropes and refractory animals. His animals were never refractory, and their loads never slipped, so he could afford to smile; and he never had to shout and beat his servants, he only spoke to them once, and they did his bidding.

In earlier years there had been strange illnesses amongst the servants of Abdul Rahman, and somehow the lazy ones and those who had been shouted at had died. Only those who worked well, and did his bidding,

remained; and yet he did not pay them handsomely; in fact, amongst all those who drove and loaded animals for those others who owned them and their loads, none was paid so small a wage as that which Abdul Rahman's headman received. But *huh! kwch perwani*, what mattered it? One day Abdul Rahman would pass, and there would be much spoil for his servants to fight over, so said those others, those who cursed as he passed them on his way to the good road of the Pass of Khyber.

Abdul Rahman went on, and smiled as he went, but he did not let those who cursed, see his smile. He reflected on this, as he had reflected many times before, and his smile became an ugly thing, a loathsome thing of hate! He knew it was not wise to let those fools see his smile of derision; laggards they were; why, was he not amongst his servants and animals an hour before they woke? Did he not always on this day, the evening of which was to see the caravanserai at Peshawur full, did he not then always on this day start bustling amongst his servants and his beasts of burden long before the sun had sent out his harbingers? And yet they cursed him because he was out upon the road first! And was it not better to march first along the road than amongst plunging animals, and dust, and sand that choked one and got into one's beard and hair, and into one's very skin? And yet those laggards cursed him, cursed him as they had always done since he had come amongst them twenty-five long years ago. And he went his way upon the road and smiled a smile of contempt and derision—into his beard; he always smiled that smile into his beard, for he had seen others who had forgotten to smile into their beards, and the vultures—he shuddered—those huge vultures of the hills, had only paused for a few seconds and gone their way leaving on the roadside the bones of those who had smiled—not into their beards; so, laggards those who cursed might be, but their hands were very swift and true when they held a knife, and Abdul Rahman had remembered—and smiled into his beard.

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In a little house in the third village on the road between Shab Kadr and Peshawur a woman was folding a scarlet *puggri*, and outside the little house the son of the woman

was saddling a very frisky pony, and the face of the son was grim.

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It was when the foremost camel of the caravan was rounding the bend of the road, near the water trough below Landi Kotal, that its load began to slip, and no one noticed it until the animal lurched against another, and that other kicked, it kicked with all its strength, and it broke the off hind leg of the camel with the slipping load. Then there were guttural curses and cries, and the loudest voice of all was the voice of Abdul Rahman, for the camel with the broken leg was his, and it carried—Allah! it carried—but even then Abdul Rahman did not lose his head, he did not shout aloud that it carried his all! He snatched a knife from the belt of the Sarwan who was clumsily fingering the ropes, and cut loose the load. The British officer in charge of the escort, in pressing the trigger halted the gyrations of a flock of vultures, and later they gyrated again, leaving behind the bones of the camel that had borne the load which Abdul Rahman prized so much, and the caravan went on.

Abdul Rahman walked ahead, and now he did not smile; his demeanour had something of thankfulness in it; and ahead of Abdul Rahman walked the Sarwan, and the Sarwan was carrying part of the load of the camel that had broken its leg; the Sarwan was carrying a *chatti*, an earthenware vessel, and the capacity of the vessel was, perhaps, three gallons.

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Outside the little house in the third village on the road between Peshawur and Shab Kadr, the very frisky pony, saddled and bridled, was pawing the ground; inside the little house the son of the woman was winding the scarlet *puggri* round the *kullah* on his head, and the mother was looking at him with eyes in which were pride and love as she stuck a knife in his belt. The knife had a handle of curious workmanship, it was a beautiful knife and well kept.

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So the demeanour of Abdul Rahman had something of thankfulness in it, as he walked along with his eyes on the *chatti*, and it was right that it should be so, for would not all men's demeanour be that of thankfulness when they

had been able, with the aid of a knife, to save the result of their life's work from mingling with the dust that the lowest of creatures trampled? It had been such a close thing, Abdul Rahman ruminated; even now he could see the camel sinking to the ground, and between the ground and the sinking camel was the *chatti*, the *chatti* that had in it that which represented the sum of his life's work; and he shuddered when he thought that, had it not been for a knife, the thick, green, odorous, messy stuff which the *chatti* contained would have mingled with the road's dust.

When the recollection of his life's labours were very vivid, he would curse the Sarwan he had made into a beast of burden for his clumsiness in loading the camel so badly; but always there was thankfulness for that knife. And in trudging along he fell to thinking of the thick, green, odorous, messy stuff, and wondered at its priceless-ness; he had heard curious stories about it; that the *doktari log* did something with it, but with ever such a small quantity of it, and then the *Sahib log's* women put it on their clothes. They were strange things that the women of the *Sahib log* did he knew, but it seemed to him extra-ordinarily strange that the *Sahib log* would pay so much money for the thick, green, odorous, messy stuff, so that their womenfolk might rub it on their clothes; he supposed it must be some kind of charm. Then he thought of all the amount of rupees he would get for it. The first time he had sold the stuff he had got 500 rupees for less than a cupful, and then he remembered how he had got that cupful, and how he had learnt of the value of the stuff, and his pace quickened, and his face blanched, and he cursed himself for an owl.

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The face of the son of the woman of the little house in the third village was grim as he mounted the very frisky pony, but the mother's eyes were full of pride and love as she gazed upon him.

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All the way from Landi Kotal to Ali Masjid, Abdul Rahman had thought of the contents of the *chatti*, and he knew that it would bring him untold wealth if he handled the sale of it with care; and he would do that, and now he smiled into his beard.

Now the van of the caravan was winding up the hill from the top of which good eyes could see Peshawur, far away in the distance, and the sun was hot, and the Sarwan who carried the *chatti* was tired, but when he slowed his gait the curses of Abdul Rahman hurried him on again, and "Take care, son of a pig, that the knife that saved thy life does not take away that which it gave to thee," Abdul Rahman had said.

And Abdul Rahman thought again that the knife had also saved for him that which was to bring him untold wealth, a knife that's all just a common hill knife, not like that other knife. In Allah's name why did he think of that now? He tried to free his mind from the thought of that other knife by thinking of the wealth so soon to be his, but that other knife seemed to dangle before his eyes; he had to remember where he left it—in his brother's heart, after he had stolen from his brother the secret of the thick green, odorous, messy stuff; and then, after leaving his knife in his brother's heart, for a while he had taken his brother's betrothed as well. He wondered now, for the first time, what she had meant when she had said to him as he was going away from her for ever something about his finding one day when he would not need it, that which he had missed; so, wondering and thinking of days and deeds of long ago, he was surprised that they had reached Jamrud.

Only twelve more miles and he would be at the caravanserai at Peshawur, and, praise be to Allah! that would be the last caravanserai he would rest in. He thought now of what he would do with the wealth that was so soon to be his, many things he would do which had been only the vaguest dreams before, and then he somehow regretted that he had no friends to show off to; but reflection eased this regret, and he smiled into his beard as he thought of what wealth could bring him.

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Over the road between Peshawur and Shab Kadr the very frisky pony which belonged to the son of the woman of the little house in the third village was travelling at a wonderfully smart pace; since morning it had covered twenty-two miles, and there were twenty-four more to be covered, but the pace of the little pony was good, and the

face of its owner was grim, and sometimes the sun glinted on the curiously-worked handle of the knife in his belt.

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Long after the belongings of Abdul Rahman had been unloaded, the people who had cursed him that morning were still trailing wearily into the caravanserai at Peshawur, and they cursed again when they saw that Abdul Rahman had the best place, and Abdul Rahman smiled—into his beard—as he sat on the ground near the *chatti*. He had worked out the price he would get for its contents years before, and he was working it out again; already he had arranged the sale of his animals, and to-morrow the *doktari log* would come to buy the thick, green, odorous, messy stuff.

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The glory of the setting sun was a red, awesome glory, but Abdul Rahman did not notice it; if he noticed the sun at all it only meant to him that it was setting on the day that would see him at his last caravanserai.

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Out of the cloud of dust at the corners of the road between Peshawur and Shab Kadr emerged a tired pony, but its movements were those of a very frisky pony when tired, and the face of its rider when he saw the caravanserai was grimmer than it had been all day, and his left hand rested on the handle of the knife in his belt.

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Abdul Rahman looked up from the *chatti* and towards the corner of the road between Peshawur and Shab Kadr, and he could just discern emerging from a cloud of dust a pony and its rider; and the sun went out of sight; and somehow the thoughts of Abdul Rahman turned to the knife with the handle of curious workmanship—a beautiful knife which he had left in his brother's heart, and, smiling into his beard, he fell asleep.

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If Abdul Rahman could have waked the next morning no doubt he would not have reflected at all on the glory of the rising sun, a glory that was red and live, but he would have found the knife with the handle of curious workmanship, the well-kept knife, the beautiful knife, for it was embedded in his heart; and also he would have seen the

chatti that contained that which represented the sum of his life's labour broken into small pieces, and the thick, green, odorous, messy stuff mingling with the dust which was being trampled on by the meanest of creatures; and, perhaps also, he would have looked towards the corner of the road between Peshawur and Shab Kadr, to have seen disappearing into a cloud of dust a frisky little pony and the face of its rider turned towards the caravanserai, and that face was a smiling face. And the knife with the handle of curious workmanship, the beautiful knife, the well-kept knife, the knife so well kept for twenty-five years, was not in the belt of the son of the woman of the little house in the third village, for he had restored it to its owner; he had put it where his mother had told him to put it—in his father's heart.

* * * * * *

But Abdul Rahman could not wake; the day had arrived, as the woman of the little house in the third village on the road between Peshawur and Shab Kadr, whom he had robbed of her betrothed and to whom he had given a son, had prophesied it would, when he had found something which he had missed but could not now want.

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And the French buyer of perfumes—he who had so often wondered what Abdul Rahman could buy, that was half so precious as that which he sold—had to tell the world that the supply of the perfume of Itwar ka Phul—the perfume of the flower that blooms on Sunday—had perished.

The Miner's Mind and His Methods

By A. E. Ritchie

We have advanced far since the days when mines were worked by forced labour, when men, like the criminals of ancient Rome, were *damnati ad metalla*, and from those early beginnings of mining in Scotland when it is recorded the colliers had so little relish for their employment and yet were in such a servile condition that they submitted to be chained to the pits. But it is little more than a hundred years ago that the miners achieved industrial freedom and were able to combine in associations for the improvement of their wages and for regulating their hours of labour. Although their experience has been very similar to that of other workers during the period when industrialism was supplanting agriculture as the chief feature of national life, yet the class recollection of past injustices appears to be more keen with the miners than with any other section of labour.

Dr. Bowie, in his extremely interesting article entitled "The Miner's Mind," in the February number of The English Review, suggests a most intriguing theory to account for the attitude of the mine-workers towards the rest of the community. He infers that their daily work of "undermining" and "undercutting" the coal strata may have a subtle psychological effect upon their character, which largely explains their subversive attitude towards the social strata generally. That the industry is not in a condition of mental equilibrium the columns of our daily Press afford ample evidence. Unfortunately, too, it is suffering from the ministrations of a multitude of quacks each of whom considers his particular nostrum the most suitable for the patient. Actually, the truth is that if the industry would but keep its troubles to itself, as it used to in the days when it was more detached from politics, and adopt the sound principle of curing from within, the public would be less disturbed for its future and in due course its natural health would be regained.

It is not, as some people suggest, a mere nervous derangement born of the war and its poisonous aftermath which has made the mine-workers so "jumpy" of late years; they are suffering from a long-established and deep-seated disease known as "Nationalisationitis." From the time when the principle of nationalisation was first adopted by the miners down to the present day, their leaders have been obsessed with the idea that public ownership was better than private enterprise. Nationalisation of the industry has become a fixture in their industrial programme, and now that they have secured such strong representation in Parliament it is part and parcel of their political creed. The more responsible members of the Miners' Federation admit that for the moment their aims in this direction cannot be achieved, but nevertheless Mr. Herbert Smith's invariable contribution to any discussions regarding the position of the industry is to maintain that, given nationalisation, their troubles would vanish at the instant. In his mouth the word "Nationalisation" would appear to have the same comfortable feeling that the old lady derived from the blessed word "Mesopotamia."

It is well that we should be under no delusion as to what nationalisation connotes in the men's minds, and there is ample evidence to show that no system will be acceptable to them that does not embody the control of the industry by the workers. This principle was enunciated before the Sankey Commission by Mr. W. Straker, one of the sanest and most moderate of the leaders of the Miners' Federation, who stated in the course of his evidence: "I am showing the necessity of the worker controlling the industry in which he is, otherwise you will never get clear of labour unrest"; and by Mr. Frank Hodges, the then Secretary of the Federation, who said: "They (the miners) say the State or bureaucracy shall not do the controlling." Finally, not to over-stress this point, I quote but one more of the miners' witnesses, Mr. G. D. Cole, who said: "National management by itself will not secure the full co-operation of the workers."

It is not possible to deal adequately with the question of nationalising the mines within the space of this article, but as the miners profess that in pressing for it they have the interests of the consumer as much at heart as their

own, I would like to point out how ungrateful one at least of the largest metropolitan consumers is for their altruistic consideration. At the recent general meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Company the chairman stated that the very last thing they as large users of coal wanted to see was the nationalisation of the mines. "If," he said, "such an ill-conceived proposal were ever put into effect it would mean 'good-bye' to cheap and effective production." Any attempt, however, to explain the mentality of the miners must take into account the fact that they have been led to believe that State ownership of the minerals would transfer the present amount of the royalties into their pockets, and that nationalisation of the mines would give them control of the industry, with power to decide for themselves what their wages should be, making them a first charge, irrespective of all other considerations.

Dr. Bowie, however, is of opinion that the recommendation of the Sankey Commission that the royalties be acquired by the State should be carried into effect, but I doubt very much if even the members of that Commission would be as unanimous on that point to-day as they were in 1919. At an inquiry where the question of wages was the paramount one in the men's minds, and the labours of which were governed by the hands of the clock, it is evident that with the best will in the world its members could not hope adequately to cover all the ground they attempted to traverse.

The whole question of royalties was the subject of an exhaustive examination by the Royal Commission established for that purpose in August, 1889, under the presidency of the Earl of Northbrook. That the labours of this Commission were exhaustive may be inferred from the fact that the final Report was not issued until March, 1893. The agitation which thirty years ago caused such an inquiry to be held was on much the same lines as that directed against the royalty owners to-day. The Report then issued effectively disposes not only of the contemporary charges against them, but also constitutes a complete answer to the later attacks and establishes the fact that private ownership of the minerals has not been a handicap to the development of the industry.

Paragraph 179 of the Report states:—

The royalty system cannot injuriously affect consumers unless it tends to restrict the supply of coal offered in the market and thus to raise its price. The figures relating to the production of coal for the last forty years are as follows:—

Periods of Five Years.	Average Yearly Production in Tons.
1855-9	66,696,328
1860-4	84,879,267
1865-9	102,970,065
1870-4	120,673,039
1875-9	133,287,745

Since the year 1880 the yearly production has been as follows:—

Year.	Tons.	Year.	Tons.
1880	146,818,622	1886	157,518,482
1881	154,184,300	1887	162,119,812
1882	156,499,977	1888	169,935,219
1883	163,737,327	1889	176,916,724
1884	160,757,779	1890	181,614,288
1885	159,351,418	1891	185,479,126

These figures tend to support the opinions quoted in paragraph 53, to the effect that, although proprietors of minerals have the power to prevent them from being worked by refusing to let them, and to cause mines to be closed by declining to reduce royalties when leases are held on unremunerative terms, the royalty system has not checked the production of coal in the United Kingdom.

To-day the situation is somewhat different, inasmuch as the passing of the Mines Facilities Act, 1923, has rendered it practically impossible for any recalcitrant owner to hold up his minerals or to demand an exorbitant royalty for the getting of them. Moreover, the miners' present agitation is not concerned with the effect of royalties on production, but on wages. They harp on the subject of royalties because they believe that if they could convince the public that it would be to the general benefit for the State to take over the minerals, this would be the prelude to the attainment of their real object, which, of course, is the nationalisation of the mining industry in its entirety.

At the recent inquiry under the chairmanship of Lord Buckmaster the men's representatives tried to impress that tribunal with their grievances in the matter of royalties, the receipts from which they assumed—wrongly, of course—would be added to the men's wages in the event of the present owners being dispossessed. Without going into the figures relating to the proportion of the owners' receipts

that the State takes in taxation, which is said to be about 11*s.* in the £, it is sufficient to note that Lord Buckmaster was not at all disposed to accept the view that the men had any grievance in this matter, for he said to them bluntly that: "If the whole of these royalties were swept away, it seems to me the result would be very small."

It betokens assurance of no mean order on the part of the miners to suggest that private enterprise has failed in connection with an industry the growth of which is indicated in the figures I have quoted from the 1893 Report, and by the further fact that between 1891 and 1914 by private enterprise the annual production had been increased to the extent of 100,000,000 tons.

In his book, *Coal and Power*, Mr. Lloyd George says:

> Not the least inflammatory cause of mining unrest is the thought that another man, for no service rendered, is living in luxury at a distance on the 6d. a ton he levies on the labour of those who spend their lives in digging coal out of the bowels of the earth.

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Lloyd George, the only interest the rank and file of the miners really take in the question of royalties is the effect that State ownership might be expected to have on their wages; and, as Lord Buckmaster told them, this would be negligible even on the presumption that the State would contribute to their wages fund an amount equivalent to that now taken in royalties by the private owners.

It may be all very well for Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. A. J. Cook to indulge for polemical purposes in the language of hyperbole and to picture a body of drones living in luxurious idleness upon the labour of unfortunate beings delving for coal in the bowels of the earth. The real facts of the position, however, may be learnt from the return of incomes from royalties produced to the Sankey Commission by the Inland Revenue, from which it emerges that out of 3,789 royalty owners there are no fewer than 2,902 whose average gross receipts are only £250 per annum. Surely an insufficient income upon which to indulge in the sybaritic pleasures of idleness! It is true there are seven owners who absorb between them £1,000,000 out of the total of £6,000,000 paid to the royalty owners, but from the national standpoint this is distinctly advantageous, inasmuch as the State takes back

in taxation a greater percentage of these large incomes than of the smaller ones. In fact, the Duke of Northumberland has stated that when taxation was at its height he was mulcted to the extent of 17*s.* 6*d.* in the £ of his royalties.

Dr. Bowie rightly challenges the assertions of the miners that the owners do not manage their concerns efficiently, and points out, as I myself frequently have done, that in no other industry are managerial posts so generally filled by recruits from the rank and file, and that in attempting to discredit the efficiency of the colliery managers they are reflecting upon the abilities of their own class. Ever since the unfortunate Sankey Commission, when upon the smallest modicum of one-sided evidence the Chairman proclaimed that the present system stands condemned, the men's representatives have used that dictum as a whip for the backs of the owners. When Mr. Frank Hodges gave up his office stool in Russell Square for a more exalted but less permanent seat in Whitehall, he was succeeded in the Secretaryship of the Miners' Federation by Mr. A. J. Cook, a self-confessed Communist, who has paraphrased Mr. Justice Sankey and adopted the slogan, "Private enterprise has failed." A more grotesque suggestion or one more palpably contradicted by facts it would be difficult to imagine. That Mr. Cook's wish is father to his thought can be abundantly proved by his own speeches and writings; but no words of his, nor of any other critic of the industry, can override the actual truth, which is that production has increased from 66,696,328 tons in 1855 to 287,000,000 tons in the peak year 1913.

Although Dr. Bowie does not draw attention to the point, it is very evident that he is completely at variance with Mr. Sankey regarding the educational attainments of the miner. In Mr. Sankey's Report occurs the following passage:—

> We are prepared, however, to report now that it is in the interests of the country that the colliery workers shall in future have an effective voice in the direction of the mines. For a generation the colliery worker has been educated socially and technically. The result is a great national asset. Why not use it?

With every desire to acknowledge the good points of the miners—and they are many and admirable—yet the

experience of twenty years' close connection with them has always left me wondering upon what data Mr. Sankey founded his remarks. It might be discourteous to suggest that, like a certain historical personage, he drew upon his imagination for his facts, but where otherwise he obtained them I totally fail to see. It would indeed be strange if in a community of workers numbering over a million there were not some bright intellects, and it is but the bare truth to recount that since the colliery workers emerged from that state of serfdom in which they existed, together with all other classes of labour in this civilised country, right up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, many talented men have arisen from out of the ranks—men who have achieved high positions, not only in their own industry but in other and various departments of life.

It is, however, no proof of the general intelligence of any body of industrial workers that individuals do occasionally display unexpected abilities and make their mark in the world. Dr. Bowie, who has conducted tutorial classes amongst the miners, states that in general their education is extremely backward, and that statement conforms absolutely to my own experience. Striking evidence of their disregard, as a body, for the benefits of education is to be found in the particulars issued by the Mines Department of the allocations from the Miners' Welfare Fund, the figures for which up to January, 1925, I now present with the sole remark that they speak for themselves :—

Analysis of Allocations Approved.

Purpose.	During Month of January, 1925.	Total to Date.
Recreation	£30,440 0 0	£1,665,736 11 8
Health	64,801 0 0	844,537 1 6
Education	— — —	15,254 0 0
District Committees' Expenses	1,731 12 2	18,495 5 7
	£96,972 12 2	£2,544,022 18 9

It is difficult to suggest a remedy for the present unsatisfactory condition of the industry that would be acceptable to the mine-workers as a whole; much of the discontent in the coalfields undoubtedly is due to the action of their leaders in forcing upon the owners an agreement which

raised their minimum wages above the economic capacity of the industry to pay. Against this forceful measure they were warned by the President of the Mining Association, who foretold with uncanny exactitude the effect of their action in the face of the falling markets that were only too clearly indicated. The continuous reduction in output per man-shift since the inauguration of the seven hours' day, notwithstanding the development of many new collieries equipped with all modern aids to increased production, affords a striking commentary on another of Mr. Justice Sankey's dicta: "If the output per man continues to go down," he said, "the supremacy of this country is in danger."

Faced with the present unemployment in the coalfields the men's leaders have no constructive proposals to make, merely repeating their demand for nationalisation, or, failing this, feebly suggesting higher wages and shorter hours, which could but have the effect of still further accentuating the present conditions. The current agreement provides the only form of profit-sharing practicable to the mining industry; for reasons which space precludes my entering upon, the scheme adumbrated by Dr. Bowie would not commend itself to either the owners or the men. In vain we look for some evidence of that "great national asset" which Mr. Sankey imagined he had discovered, and if the plain truth be stated it is that the Miners' Federation is at present swayed by the Socialist element in its midst, the avowed policy of which, in Mr. Cook's own words, is: "That a continual agitation be carried on in favour of increasing the minimum wage and shortening the hours of work, until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits." Further, "That our objective be to build up an organisation that will ultimately take over the mining industry, and carry it on in the interest of the workers."

Now, Mr. Cook is the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, and so long as his "undermining and undercutting" methods remain unrepudiated by his employers, so long must we accept him as their mouthpiece and the exponent of their policy.

Mrs. Delany

By E. Beresford Chancellor

THE "dear Mrs. Delany" of George III and Queen Charlotte, whom Burke once described as the finest example of a *grande dame* he had ever met, and whose name is so familiar to readers of Fanny Burney's diary, has become something of a legendary figure. Students of the eighteenth century know her as that anomaly to foreigners, a great lady without an ennobling title; as a *persona gratissima* of the reigning family; as the writer of an autobiography and letters which form one of the staple sources of information on the social life of a supremely interesting period in our annals. Those who have won through the six massive volumes, edited by Lady Llanover in 1861, which comprise Mrs. Delany's records, realise that she was a woman of considerable judgment, of much observation, of no little literary ability, of a kind but forceful nature, and, above all, one who possessed in a marked degree what has been called the genius for friendship.

To the majority, however, her name and the portraits of her, by Opie, which hang in the National Portrait Gallery and Kensington Palace are practically all that are known about a lady who occupied for so many years almost a unique position in the social life of her time; for she was not a bluestocking like Mrs. Montagu nor a successful novelist like Fanny Burney; she was no classical scholar like Mrs. Carter nor a kind of professional letter writer as was Mrs. Chapone; unlike the Duchess of Devonshire, she took no conspicuous part in politics, and she did not, as did the Duchess of Queensberry, make a reputation by petting literary men and snubbing her sovereign. She must have been undeniably handsome, but her beauty, although it helped to procure her many offers of marriage, was hardly of the striking character of that of Mary Lepel or the lovely Bellenden.

In a word, she was that rather rare product of eighteenth-century society, a normal woman, and the influence she exercised and the fame she attained must therefore be traced to her inherent common sense and her calm and equable temperament.

Mrs. Delany's autobiography and letters not only form a complement to the better known diary of Fanny Burney and the correspondence of Horace Walpole, but it is probable that without her records we should only know half of the picture, in the more brilliant output of these famous contemporaries. She was both in and of the society of her time as was Walpole, but, unlike him, she exhibits a serious outlook on current topics, and she does not seem, as he always does notwithstanding the art that conceals art in his letters, to have had one eye on subsequent publication. High-born but poor, she occupies a position more familiar in French social life than in our own, where money has to so large an extent always covered a multitude of shortcomings.

Born two years before the accession of Queen Anne, Mrs. Delany died when George III had been on the throne twenty-eight years. Her life thus covered a period in which this country entered on a new phase of its career, and Europe passed through a state of existence which was not only significant in itself, but was the prelude to such drastic changes as were without parallel in its history.

Marlborough was winning his victories when Mary Granville, as she then was, was a child; she was eighteen when Charles XII fell by "a dubious hand," and twenty-seven when Catherine the Great finished her tempestuous career; and when she died Napoleon and Wellington were entering on manhood. What she could remember included such stirring events as the Sacheverell riots, the risings of the two Pretenders, the rise and fall of Sir Robert Walpole, the disaster of the South Sea Bubble, the inauguration of Methodism, Clive's successes in India, the ministry of Chatham and the commencement of the trial of Warren Hastings. Pepys died when she was three, and she survived Johnson by four years; Sir Joshua Reynolds outlived her four years, and Sir Christopher Wren died when she was twenty-three.

It is thus obvious that even a very cursory acquaint-

ance with the political, literary, and artistic annals of those eighty-eight years will enable us to estimate the importance of the period through which Mrs. Delany lived; its importance to one of so impressionable a nature as hers was doubly significant. Living in, and being of, that section of society which consisted of the governing classes, she came in contact with many of the most illustrious men and women of her time, and although she had none of the advanced aspirations of Mrs. Montagu, or even of her own relative, Mrs. Pendarves, or the literary qualities of Mrs. Chapone, who we know on great authority corresponded with Miss Pinkerton, yet she possessed a *seeing* mind and a retentive memory, and thus much that she records is of particular value, and even that portion of her reminiscences which is concerned with the gossip of the time and the thousand and one trivial details which made up the daily life of a lady of quality has its peculiar significance.

Mary Granville's girlhood was hardly propitious, for when she was but yet a child her father, Colonel Bernard Granville, who, as the younger son of a younger son, had little fortune, became implicated, with his brother, Lord Lansdowne, in a suspected plot against George I, and was for a time imprisoned, and, although subsequently released, was obliged to retire from London and to live at Buckland, in Gloucestershire, the monotonous life of a country gentleman of small means and broken fortunes. His daughter had, however, already tasted the sweets of society. She was adopted by a childless aunt, Lady Stanley, whose husband, Sir John, was secretary to the Lord Chamberlain. Near their house in Whitehall lived Hyde, Earl of Rochester, with whose family, related to her own by marriage, Mary became intimate. One of its members was Catherine, later Duchess of Queensberry, the "Kitty beautiful and young" of Prior, with whom Mary struck up a close friendship and who was, as she says, "to the end of a long life a general object of animadversion, censure, and admiration." It was at this time that Mary Granville was first introduced to Handel, who had been presented to her uncle by Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George I, and so ugly a man that Lord Chesterfield once won a bet that no more hideous person

could be found in London. On one occasion Handel performed on a little spinet belonging to Mary. "I was much struck by his playing," she writes, "but struck as a child, not as a judge, for the moment he was gone I seated myself to my instrument and played the best lesson I had then learnt. My uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument.'" Another of her friends was Sarah Kirkham, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, whom she describes as even then having "an uncommon genius and intrepid spirit," characteristics which seem to have been looked askance at by Colonel Granville, who "loved gentleness and reserve in the behaviour of women."

On leaving London to join her family in the country a change came over Mary's occupations. Instead of a round of gaieties, we find her assiduously practising music, reading approved books, studying French, and labouring at her needlework, for all of which stated hours were set apart. A love episode helped to diversify this rather monotonous existence; but the parents of the young gentleman in question, a Mr. Twyford (called Roberto in the autobiography—Mary has fancy names for all her friends), disapproved, and the affair came to nothing. A visit to Longleat, where Lord Lansdowne, her uncle, and the friend of Pope and Swift, kept open house, resulted in Mary's meeting with Mr. Pendarves, of Roscrow, in Cornwall, and, although that gentleman's appearance and manners seem to have been anything but pleasing to the young lady, she succumbed to the solicitations and advice of Lord Lansdowne, and allowed herself to be led into a *mariage de convenance*. Mary's description of her husband will account for her lack of enthusiasm for the proposed match: "As to his person," she writes, "he was excessively fat, of a brown complexion, negligent in his dress, and took a vast quantity of snuff, which gave him a dirty look: his eyes were black, small, lively, and sensible; he had an honest countenance, but altogether a person rather disgusting than engaging." Frequent attacks of the gout and a natural indolence made Pendarves a curiously unfitting husband for a young girl full of life and activity, and, as was but inevitable, the

marriage was hardly an ideal one, although Mary's good sense and natural rectitude saved it from the disasters which the attentions of many admirers and her husband's jealousy might have been expected to produce. Money troubles in which Pendarves became involved did not add to the *agréments* of the household, which, besides, was not made bright by the presence of children, and when, in 1724, Pendarves died suddenly, Mary, who could hardly have felt any great grief at the event, found herself left with but a slender income. Fresh admirers were not slow in coming forward—a Mr. Monk, nephew of Sir John Stanley, and Lord Baltimore, an older friend, among them. The regard of the latter was returned by the widow, and everything pointed to a union, when a rather obscure reason seems to have abruptly put an end to the courtship in 1729, with the result that the pair did not again meet till after Lord Baltimore's marriage to another lady. Lord Tyrconnel was yet another of several rejected suitors; but on a visit to Ireland, where Mrs. Pendarves met Swift, she made the acquaintance of the Dean's friend, Dr. Delany. "He was then married," she writes, "lived in a very agreeable manner, and reserved one day in the week for his particular friends, among whom were those of the best learning and genius in the kingdom. I thought myself honoured by being admitted to such a set. . . . By this means I grew intimate with Dessario (Dr. Delany), and had an opportunity of observing his many excellent qualities."

Her time in Ireland was spent chiefly with the Bishop of Killala, in whose house in Dublin she stayed. During this visit she was frequently at the Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Dorset were then ruling. The City itself she found "bad enough, narrow streets and dirty-looking houses," but the surrounding country is described as "delightful." She made the acquaintance, "*among the wits*," of Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Sycon, and Mrs. Pilkington, all friends, and to some extent *protégées*, of the Dean of St. Patrick. In the summer the Bishop and his guests moved to the episcopal country house at Killala, but in the autumn a return was made to the capital, and it was then that Mrs. Pendarves seems to have become first well acquainted with Swift, whom she describes as a "*very odd*

companion (if that expression is not too familiar for so great a genius); he talks a great deal, and does not require many answers; he has infinite spirits, and says abundance of good things in his common way of discourse." Frequent dinners at Dr. Delany's are mentioned, at one of which Swift is described as being "*in very good humour*," as if that was not a uniform characteristic; "he calls himself my master," writes Mrs. Pendarves, "and corrects me when I speak bad English, or do not pronounce my words distinctly"; "I wish," she adds, "he lived in England; I should not only have a great deal of entertainment from him, but improvement."

From her house in Little Brook Street, Mrs. Pendarves, after her return to London, kept up a considerable correspondence with Swift, as well as with her sister, Mrs. Anne Granville, to the latter of whom she confides another offer of marriage, from a Mr. Prideaux, which "did not tempt me," she says.

The usual round of amusements of a lady of fashion —courts, dances, country and town visits—several of the former to Bulstrode, where she spent many pleasant days with the Duchess of Portland—occupy, in the telling, a large portion of Mrs. Pendarves's correspondence at this period, and when such occupations permitted, the round of pleasure was filled up by such expeditions as the one thus described: "We set out, two hackney coaches full, from Whitehall at ten. Our first show was the wild beasts in Covent Garden; from thence to St. Bartholomew's Hospital—the staircase painted by Hogarth; from there to Faulkner's, the famous lapidary, where we saw abundance of fine things, and the manner of cutting and polishing pebbles, etc.; then to Surgeon's Hall to see the famous picture by Holbein of Harry the Eighth . . . then to the Tower and Mint—the assaying of the gold and silver very curious . . . from thence to Pontach's to a very good dinner, and then proceeded to the round church in Stock's Market, a most beautiful building." Not a bad day's outing, as it would seem even in these strenuous times!

In 1741 Dr. Delany lost his wife, and on June 9th, 1743, he led Mrs. Pendarves to the altar. With this important step in her career Mrs. Delany, as she now

was, may be said to have entered on the second and happier stage of her life's journey. Doctor Delany was a man of good intellect and sympathetic nature, and with him Mrs. Delany led a calmer and more satisfying existence than had previously been her lot. He encouraged her naturally artistic bent and helped her in her literary attempts. In return she moved heaven and earth and all her powerful friends to obtain for him a bishopric, or at least a deanery, with the result that although the higher preferment was not forthcoming, Dr. Delany was made Dean of Down in 1744.

Much of the Delanys' time was now passed in Ireland, where at Delville, the Doctor's residence, Mrs. Delany found her time fully occupied by her social duties, with interspaces which she utilised for the advancement of her artistic and literary avocations. Her letters are full of details of such matters, and in one she tells of "*the most shameful neglect*" they found in her husband's new Deanery—easily accounted for when we learn that "the last Dean was here but two days in six years"! Annual journeys to London were planned to enable Mrs. Delany to visit her relatives and English friends, but such jaunts were not always practicable, as when, in 1745, the Pretender's rising interfered with these well-laid plans; and we find Mrs. Delany, oblivious apparently of the Jacobite sentiments of her family, speaking of the followers of Prince Charles Edward as rebels, and regarding the news of their discomfiture with satisfaction. That she was happy in her Irish home is proved by a sentence in one of her letters to her sister, Mrs. Dewes, where she writes, *à propos* of the "very magnificent" house of Mrs. Clayton, the wife of the Bishop of Clogher: "I would not give my sweet Delville for it, no, *nor for any palace I ever yet saw*"; and in another letter she indirectly shows how the more equable life she was now leading makes her enjoy rather the "rational pleasures of friendship and conversation" than the "hurry and grandeur of the world."

Mrs. Delany was one of those who patronised home industries, and she is delighted to be able to report that "on the Princess of Wales's birthday there appeared at Court a great number of Irish stuffs. Lady Chesterfield was dressed in one, and I had the secret satisfaction of

knowing myself to be the cause, but dare not say so here." The quietude of her Irish existence was broken by visits to friends in that country and by occasional trips to England, where her beloved sister, Mrs. Dewes, was the chief attraction. In 1747 she lost her mother, an event which proved a severe blow to her affectionate nature. But her ever-active mind, occupied by all kinds of artistic and literary work—painting, drawing, needlework (a kind called "sugar-plum knotting" being especially favoured at this period), writing and reading, helped to distract her from the sad thoughts with which the death of her parent and the absence from her sister, filled her. She also had her beloved home to improve and beautify, and her letters show with what energy she added adornments to the rooms or increased the rural charm of the gardens. We even find her attempting the ambitious work of painting a "Madonna and Child" for the private chapel, and her interest in music is evidenced by the continual references to the works of Handel, as when she writes, with regard to a performance of the *Messiah* which she hopes to hear: "a new and therefore favourite performer, Morella, is to play the first fiddle and conduct the whole. I am afraid his French taste will prevail; I shall not be able to endure his introducing froth and nonsense in that sublime and awful piece of music. What makes me fear this will be the case is that in the closing of the eighth Concerto of Corelli, instead of playing it clear and distinct, he filled it up with frippery and graces that quite destroyed the effect of the sweet notes and solemn pauses that conclude it." Her fears were, however, groundless, for we learn later that "he came off with great applause . . . Handel's music inspired and awed him."

Her reading at this time was various—Carte's *Life of Ormonde* and *The Economy of Human Life*, *The Lives of the Admirals*, and Hanmer's then recently published edition of Shakespeare, had a place in it, so had *Roderick Random* and her favourite, Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. Her judgment in respect of the last named went hand in hand with that of Dr. Johnson; hear her *ipsissima verba*: "We are reading Mr. Fielding's *Amelia* . . . I don't like it at all . . . I wish Richardson would publish his *good man* (*Grandison* had been promised)

and put all these *frivolous* authors out of countenance."

A law suit in which Dr. Delany was involved brought him and his wife to London in 1754, to consult friends and transact other business connected with the case, on which occasion they stayed in Suffolk Street "at Mrs. Begnal's, at the Blue Lamps." It was during this visit that Mrs. Delany saw Lady Coventry, the more beautiful of the beautiful Gunnings, for the first time: "She is a fine figure and vastly handsome," she writes, "notwithstanding a silly look sometimes about her mouth; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of innocence that diverts one . . . she has a thousand dimples and prettinesses in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that."

In the following year the Delanys, finding it necessary to be much in London in connection with the appeal in the lawsuit, took up their residence in Spring Gardens. This continued their headquarters, whence they paid visits to their many friends in the country, going to Bath, where they occupied the former residence of Beau Nash, and to Welbeck, where Mrs. Delany undertook the arrangement of the Duchess of Portland's wonderful collection of miniatures.

In 1758 the appeal in the lawsuit which Dr. Delany had, in the first instance, gained was dismissed, and the Delanys were relieved of an overburdening anxiety which had lasted for just upon ten years. On the result being known they returned to Ireland. They were, however, in England again in 1761, when Mrs. Delany experienced one of the great blows of her life by the death of her much-loved sister, Mrs. Dewes. With her death the correspondence which forms the bulk of Mrs. Delany's literary remains ceases, and although her letters to others—notably to her niece, Mary Dewes—continue, the intimate note which characterised her epistles to her sister is henceforth absent. This niece, by the by, was an admirer of Rousseau, at that time (1766) domiciled near her home at Calwich, and Mrs. Delany advises her to beware of the influence of the philosopher. "His writings are ingenious, no doubt," she writes, "and were they weeded from the false and erroneous sentiments that are blended throughout his works

(as I have been told) they would be as valuable as they are entertaining. I own I am not a fair disputant on this subject from my own knowledge of his works, as I avoid engaging in books from whose subtlety I might perhaps receive some prejudice, and I always take an alarm when virtue in general terms is the idol, without the support of religion, the only foundation that can be our security to build upon; that great plausibility and pomp of expression is deluding, and requires great accuracy of judgment not to be imposed upon by it."

In 1768 Dr. Delany died at the age of 83, and with this event Mrs. Delany began the last stage of her career, a stage which lasted another twenty years. She now settled down to a calm old age in London (her house was off St. James's Street, in what was then called Catherine Wheel Lane, its back looking on to the Duke of Bridgewater's garden), corresponding largely, visiting much, and still occupied with her artistic resources, among which began now to be numbered that "paper mosaic" for which she became famous. In her letters the various events, some of them of great significance, others of merely ephemeral interest, which marked this period are noted in that easy manner which betokens the woman of the world, and are not infrequently characterised by that deeper insight which indicates the reflective mind: the institution of Almack's, "the first female club"; a notable visit to Garrick at his villa at Hampton, and others to the studios of "the great Mr. West" and Angelica Kauffmann; the opening of the Pantheon in Oxford Street in 1772; meetings at Bulstrode with Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander; amusing references to the notorious Duchess of Kingston, whose vagaries were the talk of the town at this period; a description of Mrs. Montagu's then new "palace" in Portman Square; and the publication of "Lord Chesterfield's letters," all find a place in her discursive pages.

The "paper mosaic" I have just referred to, besides being mentioned with admiration by such men as Banks and Reynolds, Horace Walpole and Dr. Darwin, who celebrates it in his *Botanical Garden*, has become so identified with Mrs. Delany's name that the following description of its inception must necessarily find a place in any account

of that lady: "Having a piece of Chinese paper on the table of bright scarlet, a scarlet geranium of the same colour caught Mrs. Delany's eye; and, taking out her scissors, she amused herself with cutting out each flower in the paper which resembled its hue; she laid the paper petals on a black ground, and was so pleased with the effect that she proceeded to cut out the calyx, stalks and leaves in different shades of green, and pasted them down. After she had completed a sprig of geranium in this way, the Duchess of Portland came in and exclaimed: 'What are you doing with that geranium?' having taken the paper imitation for the real flower. Mrs. Delany replied that if the Duchess really thought it so like the original, a new work was begun from that moment." For upwards of ten years this labour was continued, and at the close, when her eyesight gave way and caused her to abandon the work, Mrs. Delany had filled her "Flora," * as she called it, with over a thousand imitations of flowers.

In 1776 she was first introduced to George III and Queen Charlotte, and the fame of the "Flora" seems to have been largely instrumental in causing the royal couple to seek her acquaintance. What was begun out of curiosity was continued out of a genuine regard, and the King and Queen became henceforward Mrs. Delany's intimate friends. Many of the subsequent letters are filled with details of informal royal visits, and with innumerable proofs of royal condescension and kindness.

Hardly does Mrs. Papendiek, or Fanny Burney, who, by the by, first met Queen Charlotte at Mrs. Delany's, give a more vivid account of the family side of the royal circle, than is to be found in Mrs. Delany's correspondence. Queen Charlotte sent her a lock of her hair accompanied by one of those gracious notes which make us forget the plain-faced Queen in the well-bred lady; and George III was never happier than when talking to Mrs. Delany and listening to her reminiscences. It was by the royal command that Opie painted the portrait which is now at Kensington Palace; and some years later the King gave Mrs. Delany a residence at Windsor, where he seems to have been fond of dropping in in the most unceremonious way, one of which occasions Fanny Burney describes in a

* It is now preserved in the British Museum.

well-known passage in her Diary. So insistent were the King and Queen on having their old friend about them that, even when they went for their fortnightly visits to Kew, they not infrequently commanded her presence in that once rural spot.

Mrs. Delany was now far advanced in the eighties, and certain premonitory symptoms had given her relatives cause for grave anxiety. In the April of 1788, on returning to London from one of her Kew visits, she contracted a chill, and although her strong constitution bore up bravely against the attack, her years were against her, and on April 15th she expired peacefully, from inflammation of the lungs, at the great age of eighty-eight years.

Mrs. Delany holds a unique position in the history of the eighteenth century, and it is rather extraordinary that she does so. She was undoubtedly a clever woman, but many cleverer are forgotten; she was artistic, musical, and generally accomplished, but in no special degree could she be said to excel in any of these directions; she was a high-born lady, but how many of her equals in this respect are to-day remembered? The fact that she was essentially a womanly woman, notwithstanding her gifts and her strong mind, seems to differentiate her from those of her contemporaries who, because they knew a little, never quite realised how little they knew; and it is this that has perhaps succeeded in perpetuating her name. The voluminous correspondence and the fragments of autobiography she has left have, of course, helped to this end; but after all the relative rarity of the six volumes which contain these might have been supposed sufficient to prevent her name from becoming very familiar to the general reader; although even had not "George Paston" written an excellent little memoir based on these, Mrs. Delany would still have been known to numbers who had never heard of Mrs. Carter, and had but a shadowy apprehension of Mrs. Chapone.

"Labour's Money" *

By A. H. Douglas-Hamilton

THIS is an account of a new movement quite recently initiated by the trade unions in the United States, with the object of freeing themselves from the control of the great investment bankers: in doing which, the point most to be remarked is that, *unlike the English trade unions*, so far from attacking the existing system of private capital, they support and adopt it.

These bankers discount and make advances to traders in the manner usual in England—what our bankers call "pure banking." But they also go beyond this in underwriting complete issues of new capital, which they then recommend to their customers as good investments. Having done this, their interest and prestige are concerned to see that such investments be and continue good as dividend-payers, regardless of the standard of wages and selling prices of goods produced.

> Theirs was the power [says Mr. Boeckel], by withholding capital, to prevent the establishment of new enterprises in competition with those already under their protection. Theirs was the power, by withholding credit, to discipline or to ruin any large-scale enterprise seeking to escape their influence.

On the other hand, as explained by Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co.:

> from the point of view of the investment banker, it is essential that he hold the power of final decision upon all questions of major policy arising in the board rooms of corporations for which he markets securities. He has a "moral responsibility," when he stands sponsor for a corporation's securities, to keep an eye upon its policies and to protect the interests of investors in the securities of that corporation. For a private banker to sit upon such a directorate is in most cases a duty, not a privilege.

It should be noticed that the control in question is not, as understood in this country, that derived from a

* By Richard Boeckel. With an Introduction by Viscount Milner, K.G. (Martin Hopkinson. 7*s*. 6*d*.)

majority-holding of shares, but is financial and external. Though convenient, it is not essential that the bank be represented on the board: for every company obtains money by the issue of shares, bonds or other obligations; and a bank, in the absence of competing banks, by purchasing or declining to purchase these, controls that company without having therein any official *locus standi* whatever.

Now the enterprise of the American trade unions is nothing less than to establish banks whereby to finance themselves and so dispense with the favours as well as the control of the investment bankers.

They obtain their capital, to the extent of 51 per cent. of the shares (*Amer.:* stock), by the subscription of various trade unions, the remainder being distributed as widely as possible among the workers. Following co-operative lines, the dividends are limited, the excess profits being distributed among depositors.

The business is transacted, on the basis of policy laid down by trade union officials, by trained bankers taken over from the regular banking system. The policy claims generally to be a "policy of service."

The foreign exchange department transactions of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' banks, many of whose customers are foreign-born, have been very large. Money transmitted by them is paid in Russia in dollars at a charge of 7 per cent. Money transmitted through other banks, at charges ranging from 12 to 20 per cent., is paid in Russia, after long delays, in roubles.

Vigorous campaigns have been conducted to encourage saving. Already, however, wage-earners of the United States hold a huge total of corporation securities, often bought on easy payments under employees' stock distribution plans. In spite of the opposition of old trade union leaders, this acquisition of stock by workers is a growing principle, being part of the "organisation of all the workers in the industry, with hand and brain, *not* for *striking* or *collective bargaining*, but for investment and ultimate control."

The workers are now being urged to save to the utmost. Says Mr. W. H. Johnston, president of the International Association of Machinists: "A high wage rate does not denote prosperity. It is not what you earn, but what you

save that advances you in the industrial scale." [Oh! shade of Samuel Smiles.] As Mr. Boeckel remarks:

> This is not the familiar philosophy of trade unionism pure and simple. It is the first expression of a new philosophy, come to displace the old, upon the basis of which a new program of collective action is being reared.

The credit policies of the Labour banks are designed to safeguard and to forward the interests of the workers, both as producers and as consumers, and to afford assistance to individuals in emergencies. Profits for the bank are a secondary consideration.

Honour loans in small amounts at 7 per cent. without collateral security are made to workers during periods of misfortune. But none of this business is transacted through loan brokers. The banks remain open several nights a week, primarily for the accommodation of depositors, but also to receive applications for small loans which cannot be made, without loss of working time and wages to the borrower, during regular banking hours. Losses to the banks through nonpayment of unsecured personal loans have been negligible.

Credit unions, or co-operative loan societies, are formed which receive the savings of their members and lend out to them without security. And these unions serve as "feeders" to the Labour banks.

The banks will assist workmen to buy furniture and other goods, so that they may avoid the instalment plan whereby a purchaser pays about 16 per cent. above the cash value of the goods. With reference to this class of business Warren Stone, the president of the Brotherhood Bank of Cleveland, describes it as a "bank with a soul."

Another policy of the banks is that whereby they support a strike without paying strike benefits. The leading case of this occurred at Norfolk in 1920. Here the Iron Masters' Association reduced wages and declared for the "open shop," producing a strike of the men. But one member of the Association, the Crescent Company, seceded. With all other plants strike-bound, every repair job in the port came to the Crescent Company. Its plant operated twenty-four hours a day. The regular force was inadequate and the company took on striking employees of the other plants, paying them the union rate of wages. Thereupon the other members of the Association induced

the Crescent's bank to call in an advance. Then, in order to save this "good employer" from ruin, a certain trade union came along and, through a bank, bought the debt, so enabling the Crescent to continue business. In the end, the support given by the union in finding employment for strikers effected a saving in strike benefits of $200,000.

Nevertheless the banks deprecate strikes even when justified. Sometimes striking workmen have been encouraged by the banks to set up factories in their own control, with their own capital, under assurances of ample operating credits from the banks.

In making a loan the bank imposes two conditions:—(1) that the borrower shall give fair treatment and fair wages to his employees; (2) that the credit shall be used for production of essential goods, *i.e.*, goods consumed by wage-earners, and sold at the lowest price. The latter condition is intended to defeat the practice of the trusts of banks who, having eliminated competitive price-cutting, keep output at just that level below effective demand that would maintain profitable prices, or would increase prices when increased profits were desired.

But the financial activities of the Labour banks are not confined to commercial banking. They have entered the field of their opponents, the investment bankers. Like them, "they direct funds into the securities of enterprises that meet with their approval and withhold them from other enterprises pursuing policies believed to be antagonistic to the interests of the class the banks are seeking to serve."

They also mean to control the Press. For instance, one of their banks received an application for a loan from a newspaper that had pursued an anti-Labour policy. "The Labour bank made the loan. The result was an instantaneous change in this newspaper's Labour policy."

The movement has some remarkable points. First, its newness, the idea having originated in the Norfolk experiment of 1920, described above. Second, the rapidity of its numerical proliferation throughout the States. Third, the equally rapid accumulation of assets. The Mount Vernon Savings Bank of Washington, the first trade union bank in the United States, started business in May 1920 with a capital of $200,000, and by January 1922 its

resources reached $1,000,000, and by May 1923 $2,809,000. The bank founded by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, having started in November 1920 with $653,000 paid up, in November 1921 its assets had reached $10,234,005, and in June 1923 as much as $22,333,761. Encouraged by such astonishing success, a long chain of banks sprang into existence, in most cases with an original capital of only $200,000.

In speculating on the future development of these Labour banks, a curious question lies in the attitude of the old existing banks.

> The new workers' co-operative banks [says our author], while they have been subjected to local attack in isolated cases, have not yet drawn the concerted fire of the old-line financial institutions. Indeed there has been some measure of co-operation. . . . While this continues the Labour banks are strengthening themselves against the day when it may be withdrawn and a general attack inaugurated.

Doubtless a reason why the big houses hesitate to attack the Labour banks lies in the fact that, as the author states,

> While the end sought in this movement is as revolutionary as any radical reformer could wish, the means for its achievement hold no threat of industrial disruption or public disorder. The movement does not look to the "overthrow of capitalism." On the contrary, it accepts the institutions of a capitalistic society and seeks to work, through capitalistic methods, toward a new social order.

Thus the lists are set. But it should be borne in mind that essentially the struggle is not a banking, but an industrial one. If the old banks control industry in the interest of industrial shareholders, Labour, through its banks, intends to control industry every bit as much in the interest of its own class. However, dividends cannot be disregarded: otherwise the banks' risk in making advances would be too great. In a word, dividends will be a primary and limited, but not a supreme, object.

But such limitation, it has been said, by diminishing reserves and discouraging invention and investment, will put Labour industries at a disadvantage. To this objection, however, Mr. Boeckel comes with a portentous answer, viz.:

> If it is an "open secret" that the current output of industry, through full and efficient use of existing plant equipment, could be increased several-fold—variously estimated at some 300 per cent. to 1,200 per cent.—it is

likewise an open secret that the efficiency of Labour in many lines could readily be increased as much as 50 per cent.*

Against such a programme of action Labour contends that old-line businesses, held down as they are by "conscientious withholding of efficiency," will not be able to prevail so as to prevent the triumphant arrival of the "new social order."

Lord Milner, in his Introduction, has omitted to introduce the author to the reader. In America this might not be necessary; but the English reader is left in complete ignorance of the authority, official relation to Labour, or other qualification the author may possess. However, we can perceive Mr. Boeckel's artistic restraint and modesty in confining himself to a simple report of significant events, unadorned with any theories, threats, prophecies or other opinion of his own.

The work is both orderly and lucid, without an obscure sentence.

*As an example of this may be quoted the case of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, where during the year 1922 the men reduced the labour cost per passenger from 3.61 cents to 2.23 cents, thereby effecting a saving of $3,150,000, out of which they received a co-operative dividend of $1,165,000.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Liberal Party

"Remember that chap Winthrop used to drop in now and then?" remarked Heddle.

"I do," said Sergeant Murphy. "What about him?"

"Oh, he was in to-day to say that he's got the job of Liberal organiser for this district."

"He has, has he? More power to him! But between you and me he's as fine a chance of gettin' Liberal recruits here as you'd have if you advertised a correspondence course in finance in the *Jerusalem Daily Mail*.

"It looks to me as if the party has had its day. A dozen years ago Liberalism was a force, to-day it's a mimory. How many mimbers have they got in the House of Commons now? Forty or so, isn't it? Anyhow wan half is fightin' Toryism, the other half resistin' Socialism, but there's no forward movement. Thrue, Lloyd George is still there, but what they call in the Divorce Court his lie-aysen with the inimy has not been forgotten. And he hasn't a battle cry.

"Suppose he started a campaign to tax landowners fifty per cint. and restore the people to the land—where they don't want to go—up would come the Socialist and say, 'Tax the landowner wan hundhrid per cint., and while you're about it tax the coal mine owners and the other capitalists on the same equitable basis.' And Lloyd George would be outbid. No matter how cheap you offer millenniums you haven't a chance with the man that offers wan for nothin'.

"Most of the old conthroversies have been settled. Ireland is out of the picture, the House of Lords has had its teeth drawn, the franchise has been brought within the grasp of the meanest intelligince, there's no longer a war party in the counthry, religious teachin' in the schools arouses no angry passions, unimployment insurance is now

an institution enablin' Aston Villa to get the mid-week support that it deserves, and safeguardin' the domestic servant from bein' domestic, old age pinsions have become so popular that they're goin' to lower the age limit till it reaches the young age pinsion stage—in fact, most of the Liberal aims have been attained, and there's nothin' left to make a song about.

"And havin' no ginuine policy the Liberal has to turn to the penny packets of cranks, the fellahs that have only wan idea in their heads—and that wan silly. Hence the Liberal binches are full of min who have promised to stand by Local Option, Anti-vivisection, Suppression of Sunday Enjoyment, Abolition of Horse Racin', Card Playin', and Fox-throttin', and annythin' else that people seem to like doin'.

"The Liberal Party had a good show as long as the Labour mimbers knew their place and fed on the crumbs that fell from the Liberals' table. But whin Socialism took over the thrades unions and Bolshevism loomed up on the horizon min that could tell offhand what Gladstone said in '67 found that nobody wanted to listen.

"Some of the leaders have seen the writin' on the wall and have moved to the left or right, accordin' to taste. Winston, for instance, has let himself out on appro to the Tory Party, while me Lord Haldane has found spiritual lodgin's among the comrades. Only Sir John Simon and Lloyd George, loyal friends, more or less, are still on the stage—but without parts.

"The Ould Guard of Radical capitalists that used to finance the party are now mostly in the House of Lords listenin' with cold shivers to the noise on the Clyde.

"So you see, Heddle, the Liberal Party has faded away. The machine is there—four millions of voters, with the cutest politician in England, Lloyd George, as the dhriver, but they're without pethrol."

"One chap you left out," remarked Heddle. "What about Asquith?"

"Sure hasn't he thrown up the sponge?" replied the Sergeant. "It was bad enough retirin' to the House of Lords. But whin he took the title of the Earl of Oxford—— Don't you know, Heddle, that Oxford is known as the home of lost causes?"

To the Makers of Laughter

By F. W. Harvey

Though life with sorrow's woven,
And Hope be liar proven,
Yet Laughter shall remain
And, deeper than man's reason,
Acquit the earth of treason;
The heavens of disdain.

A toast to you, old Francis
Rabelais, whose spirit dances
Like light upon the wave
Of trouble tumbling round me,
For surely had it drowned me
But for your jesting brave.

Dan Chaucer, hail! Your dirt is
Than our soap cleaner. Surtees,
Your clumsy English jig
Is lighter than our dancing,
And merrier. Set them prancing—
John Jorrocks, Huntsman Pigg!

You sit there broadly grinning,
And often maybe sinning;
Yet kings o'er all the rest
Whose solemn looks of yearning
Disgust the saints; whose learning
Is lighter than a jest.

All praise, high-hearted shakers
Of hell! Good laughter makers,
Earth's salt you are, and were!
Who seeing clear life's sorrow
Yet mock it down, and borrow
Strong courage of despair.

The Spider, the Drone and the Bees

At the bottom of my garden I have a hive of bees and my neighbour has another. There seems lately to have been a commotion.

It all began about ten days ago, when there appeared to be trouble between the two hives. About this time I noticed a spider, who attracted my attention as his appearance changed from day to day. During the commotion a number of my bees appeared to have been robbed of their honey and to have been driven into a web, which was stretched near the entrance to their hive, by the loud noises made by the other bees. Whilst they were only slightly entangled the spider approached them, and, softly throwing a thread across them, murmured: "You can't get back the honey you have lost yourselves, but leave it to me." Two days after this occurrence I saw that the commotion between the hives had subsided. The next day the spider came to the bees in his web. "I can't guarantee to get all your honey back, but I will get what I can," at the same time throwing another thread over the poor bees to make them more secure.

By this time I had become very interested in watching these curious manœuvres, and I noticed the next day that an inconspicuous drone was very busy going backward and forward between the two hives and burying honey in a comb built in the ground under the spider's web. The next day, which was three days ago, I saw the spider busy amongst the bees whilst the drone was busy burying another load of honey. Stooping I heard the spider say: "I am sorry I have not been able to recover any of your honey, but I will borrow some from your friends and let you have some to eat," again throwing another thread over

them. Yesterday, I went down and found the drone had filled a big comb full of honey, from which the spider had taken a little and was getting the bees to lick a little off his disgusting claws whilst he told them that he had not been able to recover any of their honey, and this was all their friends could spare. The poor bees by this time were so weak that the spider was enabled to fasten them securely to his web, with the exception of one which he overlooked.

This bee, looking over the web, discovered the drone, who was the spider's ally, coming back with a big load of honey they had lost, and promptly accused the spider of robbing them. Then the spider, having swelled himself into twice his natural size, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be infinitely superior to his antagonist; to urge his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opponent; and fully predetermined in his own mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what are you but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, whilst I am a person of family, who have always had a home? Is it to be conceived that I, who live by spinning threads out of myself, should rob you? Did you not ask me to recover your honey? You never asked me to give it back to you, and I certainly never promised to do so. The honey belongs to the hive, and you see my friend the drone is looking after it."

"You boast," answered the bee, "of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning all out of yourself; and if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel from what issues out, you possess a plentiful store of venom and dirt in your breast, and though I would by no means disparage your stock of either, yet it appears you are somewhat indebted to a little foreign assistance. Your friend the drone below appears strange to me, and I am not sure that any of my honey will ever reach our hives. So that, in short, the question comes to this: should not this honey rather be entrusted to me who gathered it, and who with long study and much search have all my life brought honey to the hive, or to you, who by a lazy contem-

plation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding on itself, turn all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cob-web."

At these words the other bees who were in the web began to awake and shake the web, whilst an ominous buzzing came from the hive; but I was unable to learn more, as I was called away to see an ex-soldier, whose wife and son and daughter had been killed in an air raid, and his home utterly destroyed, and who considered "the lick of the spider's claws" to the extent of £19 as a payment by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in full and final settlement of his claim, was "disgusting," when he knew that the Treasury had already claimed and received compensation *in full* from Germany both for civilian loss of life and loss of property.

Spring

By Leslie Pocock

DIFFERENT greens and many-coloured flowers,
New life, new light, new laughter and new song;
Old loveliness we did not know was ours,
The nearer fields were winter-bare so long:
Old loves that leap to life, and new that bid
The old good-bye; great kindly trees that let
Their branches hide the younger birds that hid
Their mother's song. And this is Spring. And yet
What misty sorrow lay behind the sad
Laburnam's golden tears? What quiet mood
Induced the lilac's gentle tone, and clad
The birch so softly in its silver hood?
What grief has bent the willow to its note
Of pain, and lent its silence to the moat?

Dean Ensfrid's Crime

By R. B. Ince

ENSFRID, Dean of St. Andrew's Church in Cologne, was a man of such goodness of heart and so given to works of charity that the poor loved him and the rich marvelled how a man of so great learning could act so foolishly.

Although he came of a family of substance his possessions gave him no happiness. Indeed, they were a source of sorrow to him, for his was one of those childlike souls that cannot rest happy so long as something remains that might be given away. His kinsmen were always in dread lest he should one day bring discredit on the family by bestowing his last garment on some beggar by the wayside and appearing in public naked as God made him.

Of these the most cynical and the most importunate was his nephew Frederick. This young man was keen-witted, sceptical, and calculating. In his boyish years he laid so good a foundation of learning that splendid things were predicted of him. "He will take Orders and speedily become a bishop," said one. "He will become Chancellor," said another, "and manage the affairs of the Empire so successfully that the poor will be able to eat veal twice every day and oysters on Wednesdays and Fridays." The only dissentient voice amid this chorus of prophecy was that of his tailor. This rude fellow closed one nostril with his forefinger and breathed contemptuously down the other. "That Frederick," he said, "will never be fit for anything better than to keep pigs. He has worn the same coat for six years."

The tailor's prediction proved the correct one. At the age of thirty-five Frederick had failed in everything he set his hand to except the spending of his handsome patrimony. In this he succeeded so well that he was soon in the hands of the money-lenders. Their increase was his decrease. When nothing remained and much was owing, Ensfrid, hearing that his kinsman had become perforce a votary of our sweet Lady Poverty, went to see him.

"Frederick," he said, with that kindly tact which turned aside the anger even of the froward, "I am in sore need of someone to look after my household. I do not know how it is, but although I spend freely and eat sparely I have every day less and less to give away to God's dear children, the poor. You are the cleverest member of our family, and the most deserving of holding high office. For that reason I have hesitated to make this suggestion. But so great are my needs I hesitate no longer. Will you do me the great favour to live with me and look after my household? I will pay you whatsoever salary you think adequate, and you will be at liberty to attend to your duties in whatever manner seems to you best."

Ensfrid's blue eyes that had never known guile twinkled bright as Hesperus as he made this speech. Frederick, he was thinking, who knows so well how to get rid of his own, will surely be the best man to help me get rid of mine?

Frederick was no lover of work. This offer seemed the nearest approach to a sinecure he was likely to find. His hard eyes gleamed like black beads with happy anticipation.

"I will come very gladly," he replied, "if you will first pay my debts."

"That," said Ensfrid, "is, of course, understood."

But Dean Ensfrid's estimate of his kinsman's character did not prove correct. To dissipate one's own fortune in princely living demands other qualities than those required to scatter another's in charity. With his new life a change came over Frederick. Whether moved by gratitude for the Dean's hand extended to save, or by a cynical disbelief in the blessedness of poverty, from being a man of prodigal and careless living he became close-fisted and miserly.

With such officious zeal did he attend to his duties that his eyes took count of every morsel of food that came into the house and every scrap that passed out—even to the glistening fish-bone that was flung into the yard to the cat. The servants could no longer, under pretence of following their master's example, dispense charity to themselves and their families. It had been the easiest thing in the world to persuade Ensfrid that he had eaten two eggs

when he had only eaten one. But Frederick had his vulture eyes on everything, and where he was least expected and least desired there he always appeared. As by a miracle the household became honest because it was too dangerous, even on feast days, to be anything else.

That there was no rebellion against Frederick's innovations was due to the fact that his reign was a reign of plenty. He enjoyed good things himself, and he purchased only of the best. Dean Ensfrid's table groaned under a profusion of baked and boiled meats; plump trussed capon and roast turkey; immense pies cleverly constructed to represent embattled towers and stately palaces; fruit, fresh and candied; and sweetmeats flavoured with an art so dexterous that the partakers hardly knew whether they were swallowing a delicious dainty or inhaling the aroma of a fragrant flower.

Dean Ensfrid himself partook of none of these delicacies. He preferred dry bread and hard cheese. And whensoever he remonstrated with Frederick his arguments were brushed aside with the ease of so many cobwebs.

"You, dear uncle, do not care for these things? True. And I take them chiefly to keep our guests in countenance. But, as Dean of St. Andrew's, it is necessary for you to entertain. You would bring discredit on the deanery if you lived like a mendicant. Besides, it is always cheaper to live well than to live badly—provided the household is properly controlled. Have I not in five months saved you more money than you used to save in ten?"

Ensfrid was compelled to admit that it was so. Still he was not content. Before he appointed Frederick cellarer he had been accustomed to give away whatever he pleased. Nothing delighted him more than to carry his dinner to a poor parishioner, having himself munched a dry crust. He was not suffered to do so any longer. Nor could he go into the kitchen, as had been his wont, and fill a basket with meat, bread, and fruit. Radegundo, the cook, had received orders from Frederick to keep everything under lock and key; and if, by the grace of heaven, Ensfrid found a loaf and took it, Radegundo, a fellow fat as a pig and tender-hearted as a child, would drop on his knees, his fat chins quivering with emotion, and pour out a torrent of sighs, tears, and protestations so moving that

Ensfrid, having begged him to be comforted, would set down the loaf and hurry away as shy as a schoolboy detected in a theft.

It chanced that Frederick was fond of swine's flesh. He increased the number of the herd, and when they had been well fattened, he had them killed, and with his own hands hung the flitches from the kitchen beams to be kept until such time as they should be well smoked and ripe for eating.

These flitches became a source of daily and nightly temptation to Ensfrid. When there was nobody about—but this was not often—he would go into the kitchen and gaze lovingly at them. As often as he did so he was carried far away on the sweet river of his thoughts. As in a vision he beheld the poor folk whom he knew and loved feeding upon the flitches; grey widows with warm eyes under brown wrinkled brows; old men bent to the shape of sickles beneath years of sturdy toil; and wistful children with faces pale as the morning moon and legs thin as wax tapers. . . . Then in his soul would he fall to praising God who had given him so blessed an opportunity of feeding the hungry. But next moment Radegundo would come snorting and snuffling into the kitchen or Frederick would call to him that it was time to prepare for Mass, and his dreams would all be as rudely scattered as the last green leaves on the chestnut trees when winter invades the valleys.

At night Ensfrid would fall asleep thinking about those beautiful flitches, and they would pursue him into the land of dreams. One night he dreamed of the Gadarene swine. He saw them rushing down towards the water when the devils had entered into them, but no sooner were they drowned than the swineherds came, fished them out with pitchforks, cut off the hams, and distributed them to the poor. What clearer indication could heaven have given that he was committing a sin in keeping all those flitches for his own household?

Next morning, at an hour when Frederick had gone to confession, Ensfrid went into the kitchen.

"Radegundo," he said, "I grow weary of that sauce you always serve with the fish. Canon Berthold has the recipe for a sauce that is reputed to be the most delicately

flavoured in the world. If tradition speaks truly it was invented by His Holiness Pope Benedict XII during an illness when his physician had forbidden him to partake of more than six dishes at each meal. Canon Berthold has promised to give me a copy. Go, therefore, and ask him for it. I cannot endure your sauce a day longer. Do not approach the cook, but say you have a message for the Canon himself. And in case you should encounter your friend, the cook, you had better take the scullion along with you."

Canon Berthold's cook was Radegundo's sworn foe. They hurled opprobrious epithets at each other as often as they met. When their vocabulary of abuse failed they had recourse to blows. The opportunity of getting one of his enemy's most cherished recipes was irresistible to him as the smell of cheese to a mouse. Everything else was forgotten. He flung aside his apron and, pushing the scullion in front of him, hurried into the street.

So soon as they were gone Dean Ensfrid snatched up a knife and, leaning the ladder against an oak beam of the ceiling, climbed up and cut three large slices from the last flitch on the side next the wall. These he wrapped in a fig-leaf and slipped into his pocket.

"Those little slices on the wall side," said the Dean, smiling happily, "will never be missed." And, without waiting to fetch his hat, he hurried away to a mean street where meat was as great a rarity as strawberries in December.

A habit indulged is a habit strengthened. No longer could Dean Ensfrid go about the work of the Kingdom in peace. Those flitches, so round, so ripe, so well seasoned, called to him even when he was celebrating the holy sacrifice. They sang to his spiritual ear ditties more sweet than the syrens to Ulysses. And hence it happened that he who was proof against the grosser sins of the flesh fell a victim to the subtle sins of the spirit. As often as Frederick was out of the way he invented errands for the cook and the scullion, sending them forth on thankless journeys to distant parts of the town with messages for people who did not exist.

After several weeks of this unaccustomed exercise the cook, whose frame had been designed rather for eating than for walking, showed signs of rebellion.

"By Our Lady!" he swore, "why doesn't he keep an army of messengers? Yesterday the roast capon was spoilt entirely. I had to throw it away, and a nice basting I got from Master Frederick. Don't stand there laughing, you rascally scullion. Was it my fault? He kept me trotting all over the city. I am getting to know these streets a great deal too well, I can tell you. Does he mistake me, then, for his mule? And when I got back the fire was out and you heaven knows where."

"Not my fault," laughed the scullion. "Mine was a longer walk than yours. Besides, I lost my way, and had to go and make inquiries of a little friend of mine. Such a darling. She has glossy black hair that curls behind the ears. I never found the address he gave me."

"Nor I," growled Radegundo. "The old gentleman's losing his wits. And not surprising seeing how little he eats. It's high time he took a peg of brandy to warm his blood. An excellent idea! I'll put some in the soup to-day. It will do us all good."

At last, on a sultry day, when he had been seeking all over the city for a house he never found, Radegundo unburdened himself to Frederick. His chest heaved; his stomach trembled; his voice shook.

"Tell me, master," he demanded, "was I engaged as cook or as mule?"

"As cook," replied Frederick.

"I can't stand it any longer," grumbled Radegundo, shedding tears. "The Dean sends me forth directly you're away, and I have to go tramp, tramp, tramping, no matter how the sun burns. How, then, can I attend to my duties properly? Ah, Maria! My head will burst! My head will burst!"

"Nonsense," said Frederick sharply. "Far more likely your stomach will burst. Get up on that ladder and hand me down two of those flitches. I think by now they should be getting ripe for eating."

Radegundo climbed up with difficulty and stretched out his hand to unhook the flitches. But when his glance fell on them terror seized him. He remained standing there with arms extended, mouth open, and eyes starting from their sockets.

"Maria!" he groaned in a voice he did not know, "it must be the Devil. Maria! Help me! I *will* go to Mass

on Sunday. I will not neglect you any more. I will not. I will not. I swear to you I will not."

"Idiot!" scolded Frederick, "hand me down those flitches!"

Superstition was not Frederick's besetting sin. He ran far greater danger of the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched from his hasty temper. Flitch after flitch was handed down to him until they were all piled on the table. And when he saw them his spare form danced like a withered leaf caught between the four winds. The flitches were empty of meat as eggshells that a hedgehog has sucked. The inside of each had been pared away, leaving a bare half-inch of fat to support the rind.

With a sudden swift movement he turned from examining the flitches. Radegundo and the scullion, who had taken shelter behind him, fell back several paces when they saw his face.

"You rogues!" he cried. "You rascally knaves! And you dare to tell me the Devil has done this? Out of the house, both of you! Out, I say! Out, at once!"

Snatching up a rolling-pin he rushed upon them and belaboured them so lustily from all sides that they spun like a big top and a little top into the street.

Having shut the door on them, Frederick went in search of the Dean. Struggling with a rage he could not conceal, he told Ensfrid what had happened. "A couple of rascals," he fumed. "I've had my suspicions ever since that roast capon disappeared. They shall not come back. Here have they stolen the substance of a whole year!"

"Be not so hasty," said Ensfrid. "Dear Frederick, how often have I begged you to try and cultivate charity and that poorness of spirit that admits to the Kingdom of Heaven. Go, call them back. It was I who cut off a few little slices, and then again a few little slices. But did you not observe that I left a great deal of rind? Good kinsman, it is better that we should suffer some little want than that the poor should die of hunger."

And such was the unshakable serenity of Ensfrid's presence that Frederick was soothed and held his peace.

American Glimpses*

VI.—The Capitol at Washington

By William A. Robson

I WENT one day with a friend to the Capitol. It is an enormous building, and the classic lower portion, with Corinthian pillars, is very beautiful. But the dome is overwhelmingly large, and makes the whole thing look top-heavy.

We went first into the House of Representatives. It was very empty and listless; no one pretended to be listening to the wiry-haired little man galloping through his speech from the platform. Several Congressmen were openly reading newspapers. There was obviously a great gulf between the function which the House was supposed to be fulfilling according to the theory of the Constitution, and what actually was going on there. All the real work was being done elsewhere: in offices, in the lobbies, in committee rooms.

Then we went into the Senate, where a Senator was reading an interminable Bill as fast as he could, and without the slightest note of interest in his voice. It was a pure formality, I learnt afterwards.

Later we visited the Supreme Court of the United States, and immediately found ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. The Court is fairly small, quietly though comfortably appointed; and the form and the substance are one. What is theoretically supposed to be happening does in fact happen, rather simply, impressively, and with great effectiveness.

The Library of Congress has easily the best intellectual atmosphere of any place into which I went in America. The arrangement of seats is not unlike that of the Reading Room in the British Museum. The hall of the library is

* Copyright U.S.A.

decorated in a very expensive manner, but is rather gaudy and inartistic. The system whereby the index cards used by the Library of Congress are printed with complete particulars of new books, and sold to various libraries throughout the continent, is a good example of American efficiency. The British Museum library catalogue consists of about a thousand books with slips *pasted in*; and an enormous amount of time must have been spent by readers wondering how on earth such an apparently inefficient method could be maintained and kept up to date! Yet it *is* kept up to date somehow or other, and is infinitely more comfortable to use than the card system.

Trees

By Brian Bruce

GREAT trees who did my infant secrets keep,
Knew all my little longings, joys, alarms,
Who for adventure lent your twisted arms,
And fancy-haunted shadows gave for sleep.
Now—now again to you my dreams I bring,
Gaunt withered visions that in frenzied rout
Torture in eddies in the winds of doubt,
Or faint to some old barren memory cling.

Oh, gentle steadfast trees, can you not sow
Your wisdom in my soul, so that serene,
Out of the dead years' ruin, something green
And brightly budding to the sun may grow?
Grant me this prayer or suffer me to cast
A sapless life on leaves of seasons past.

Two Paths in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

No, No, Nanette. (Palace.)
Hamlet. (Haymarket.)
The Winter's Tale. (Old Vic.)

THE curious liaison between the theatres of Broadway and those of London theatreland has various offspring. At one moment it brings us *No, No, Nanette*, for which, if report be true, duchesses strove with countesses for admission and faithful pittites waited from 6 a.m. till evening, but which has no value whatever save as a jolly enough musical show; at another it brings us the Barrymore production of *Hamlet*, probably the most dignified piece of theatre work we have seen for at least a decade. The two things are so remote from each other that at first glance it will seem arrant nonsense ever to think of them together. Yet the consideration is valuable because, apart altogether from the chance connection with New York, these productions exemplify the two paths in the theatre.

If *No, No, Nanette* were as utterly banal and foolish as these musical pieces usually are it could not be thought of in the same paragraphs as *Hamlet*. But it seems to be almost excellent of its kind (I write without having seen it for myself, but those whose judgment " cries in the top of mine " have approved it heartily for the perfect thing of frivolity), and its kind finds favour of long standing.

If we ever dared to ask the musical comedy enthusiast for the justification of the faith that is in him the answer, in nine cases out of ten, would be that it " takes one out of oneself." Light, inconsequent, titivating to the senses, it is the sure reaction from the worry and drabness of life. It is escape. A narcotic, an opiate, it performs its function in modern existence just as these things do, by " taking one out of oneself "—by deadening consciousness.

Hamlet does not in that sense " take one out of oneself." It takes one into oneself; it heightens consciousness. It faces life instead of running away from it, and grapples with the most deep-seated problems of modern existence. That it proves in fact to be as effective as its

frivolous rival in opening doors away from the commonplace is only to say that it succeeds as a work of art while the other succeeds as a piece of *divertissement*.

Particularly in the hands of Mr. John Barrymore does *Hamlet* become a thing of intellectual strength. One suspects him of being a Baconian theorist, for he manages to treat the play as though it were a series of problems in logic and ethics. He places *Hamlet* as I have never seen it placed before in the realm of the intelligence, speaking the lines with judicial, measured attention to the significance of every word uttered. There is no "emotional slither," as Mr. Ezra Pound would say; no drugging our senses with the rush and sweep of Shakespeare's poetry. Hamlet as Mr. Barrymore sees him is a prince and a philosopher rather than a man distracted by circumstance and a poet to boot. That we lose much by this interpretation cannot be denied. To hear the great soliloquies delivered as meditative prose statements, to listen to Mr. Barrymore arguing slowly with himself the pros and cons of being or not being is a rather terrifying experience, especially if one has regarded Shakespeare as being primarily a poet. But there is no play better able to endure this white light of intellect than *Hamlet*. It seems to have scarcely a word which is not charged with meaning and significance. Released by such a performance as this from the sensuous charm of its language, we realise the profundity of meaning which lies behind that surface loveliness. Hamlet stands revealed as the very type of the modern mind—enquiring, self-conscious, questioning alike the things from which it tends to revolt and its own right to enquire or revolt. Watching Barrymore, we understood how intellect had rendered Hamlet passionless, when only a man maddened with passion could perform the task which fate had laid to his hand. The greatest artistic creation of the humanistic movement of the Renaissance, Hamlet is preeminently the questioning individualist whom that very movement brought into being and whose place in the scheme of things has grown unchecked from that time onwards. This phase of the significance of Hamlet was implicit in Mr. Barrymore's production and performance.

A few nights after seeing it I saw the Old Vic production of *The Winter's Tale*, with Ernest Milton playing

Leontes. That performance and the memory I have of Mr. Milton's own Hamlet caused one to make an inevitable comparison between the two actors whose methods are as the poles asunder. Milton plays Hamlet as a poet and a genius, having in his own personality these elements. He is in great danger of tearing a passion to tatters, and he makes Hamlet's problem one of conflicting emotional loyalties, rather than the rationalistic ones which Barrymore projects. This stands him in better stead than the Barrymore method in those scenes where passion is the keynote, but renders his performance unnecessarily shrill in what should be the quieter passages. Thus in *The Winter's Tale* the first act with its jealousy motive was admirable, but when the action of the play left Leontes marooned on his own past one became distressingly aware of the too great intensity of Ernest Milton's performance and wished he would remember that only in moments of the most violent excitement can the word "Yes" become quadrisyllabic, as he generally makes it. The truth about Hamlet probably stands half-way between Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Milton, or rather stands above and includes both.

Making this study of contrasts, I am not concerning myself with the performers who supported John Barrymore. Everybody in Hamlet is there as a foil to Hamlet. The Queen alone emerges as a self-poised conception, and Constance Collier made of it a thing as dignified as Barrymore's own.

One other element achieved the sublimity with which he invested the play, and that was the *décor* of Robert Edmund Jones. I have seen nothing more beautiful on the English stage. With one great arch at the head of a flight of steps he had achieved a permanent set for the play a thousand times more satisfying than any attempt at realistic scenery could have been. It gave the chance for exquisite groupings, used the three dimensions of the stage space as no production on the flat could possibly have done, and was in every way worthy.

Barrymore's production showed the theatre as it might be, as it might function; forgive us that we fail in enthusiasm for even the most perfectly amusing and diverting negations of Nanette with such a production in mind, or the poetry of Perdita's flower speech lingering in our ears.

A King's Apprenticeship: Edward VII as Prince of Wales

By G. Le Grys Norgate

No more fitting biographer could have been found for King Edward VII than the author of the careful and candid *Life of Queen Victoria*. Like the latter work, the present* is a large expansion of an article in a supplementary volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the spirit of which great undertaking is embodied in both alike. Essential sympathy with the subject is balanced by independent judgment, whilst freedom is combined with meticulous accuracy in the narrative. The sources drawn upon are both documentary and oral, the latter including conversations with personal friends of the subject such as Lord Lincolnshire and the late Viscount Chaplin, whilst many others, or their representatives, have lent letters and private papers. The result is a complete and definitive work which should be read by every Englishman and consulted by all students of European history.

A minute account of Edward's childhood and education under the strict regulation of his father, the Prince Consort, is followed by a full narrative of his tour in North America. This visit not only first brought out the future King's peculiar personal qualities as a public man, but was invaluable for the impulse it gave to Imperial sentiment, then (1860) at a low ebb, as well as for its beneficent influence on England's none too cordial relations with the United States. A five months' tour in the Near East and the marriage with Princess Alexandra marked the two years succeeding Prince Albert's death, in the first of which the Prince attained his majority. The heir to the throne now, by virtue of the Queen's seclusion, assumed a kind of social sovereignty, which, Sir Sidney Lee points out, gave a new and wider orientation to London society, effecting gradually "a partial displacement of the blameless hereditary and official oligarchy by

* *King Edward VII: A Biography.* Vol. I: From Birth to Accession. By Sir Sidney Lee. (Macmillan, 31s. 6d.)

other far more populous social categories." Smoking after dinner came in under the new auspices, and club life was promoted.

But Queen Victoria jealously excluded her son from all exercise of political functions, and even, so long as she could, from direct access to political information. She distrusted his discretion, as also for a time did Disraeli. It took thirty years of struggle for the Prince to get into direct touch with home and foreign affairs, even though he had much support from Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, and to a lesser extent from Lord Beaconsfield. Long before this, however, the Prince's intimate personal relations with statesmen like Lord Granville and Sir Charles Dilke had helped him to some extent to circumvent the official veto, and he had begun to exercise an appreciable influence on foreign affairs, and to be consulted on diplomatic appointments.

Meanwhile the Queen allowed the Prince to receive foreign sovereigns and to inaugurate public improvements; but it was only by accident that, at the age of 57, he first presided at the Privy Council. She assented reluctantly to his semi-official visits to Ireland in 1865 and 1868, but declined to follow up his mission of 1871 undertaken with the view of countering Fenian disaffection, and always opposed a steadfast refusal to the project of replacing a political by a royal Viceroy. Sir Sidney is of opinion that "some blame may attach" to the Prince for his refusal to repeat his partially successful Irish visit of 1885. But the latter saw the importance of Mr. Gladstone's change of policy, and expressed to the Queen his full approval of the letter which she addressed to the Premier on the subject of the first Home Rule Bill. After its rejection he was thanked by Lord Salisbury for his influence in inducing Lord Londonderry to take the Viceroyalty. Two other Lord-Lieutenants, Lord Spencer and Lord Cadogan, were among the Prince of Wales's intimates.

From an early period in his life King Edward had taken a keen interest in foreign affairs. Through his marriage he became connected with the royal families of Denmark, Russia and Greece, but, strong as were his personal sympathies, they were far from completely controlling his views. Though Queen Victoria had for a

time some trouble in repressing her son's chivalrous pro-Danish outbursts, the latter's hostility to Bismarckian Prussia was for several years checked by his hopes for a change in her policy, when his eldest sister's liberal-minded husband should succeed.

So early as the eve of the Austro-Prussian war the young Prince of Wales had broached to the French Ambassador in London the idea of an *entente* between England and France; and when the project was revived from the French side Edward, despite Queen Victoria's cold reception of the advance, endeavoured to promote it through his friends in Paris. But the time was not yet; and the English Prince's work was for a long period rather to assuage the hostility between the two countries than to assist their co-operation. Thus, through his acquaintance with Gambetta, he was enabled to reconcile French opinion to the Cyprus Convention, a service which was warmly acknowledged by Lord Salisbury, then Foreign Secretary, as having "averted a danger which was not inconsiderable."

It was on the Prince's initiative, says Sir Sidney Lee, that the latter had been sent to Constantinople to try for a settlement of the Eastern Question by Conference. The Prince's advocacy of personal diplomacy won the commendation of Disraeli, who in 1881 spoke of him as "one who really had seen everything and known everybody."

We get, however, from Sir Sidney a strong denial of the current gossip that the Queen's regard for the Conservative Premier caused in the Prince "an inverse attitude" towards himself and his great opponent. Gladstone had been a personal intimate of Edward since his childhood, and he always understood him better than did his mother; but the Prince appreciated Lord Beaconsfield's superior social charm also. He actually brought about one of the rare meetings between the rival statesmen, who dined together at Marlborough House in 1874. But as the years went on the Prince, like Queen Victoria, was usually in sympathy with the general trend of Conservative policy, though, of course, he always maintained in public a thoroughly correct constitutional attitude, and was on personally affectionate terms with the Grand Old Man to the last.

The Prince had interviews with Bismarck at Berlin in 1878 and 1883, and, despite his dislike of him and his

policy, maintained a rather more friendly attitude towards Germany during the period of strained relations with France and her *rapprochement* with Russia. He inclined, nevertheless, to draw nearer the latter Power. But the premature death of Frederick III, and the accession of the Kaiser Wilhelm II, inaugurated a rivalry between England and Germany the bitterness of which was reflected in the personal relations between the Prince of Wales and his nephew. The latter is shown in these pages doing his utmost to sow dissension between England and Russia, forwarding to the Tsar misrepresentations of the Prince's words, and claiming to have saved England from a European coalition during the Boer War, whereas in fact, he had done his level best to bring it into being. The evidence is fully set forth here and admits of no doubt as to the late Emperor's mendacity and spite, even though he did send unsought military advice to his uncle during the dark days of the South African struggle.

By the bye, a certain incident (in 1893) of the bickerings between Emperor and Prince, a highly coloured account of which is given by Mr. Lytton Strachey in his *Queen Victoria*, is discredited by the present writer on the evidence of eye-witnesses.

We have left ourselves little space for comment on such important incidents in the late King's life as his tour in India, or the illness which did so much to recover for him the national sympathy to some extent alienated by exaggerated reports of his addiction to pleasure and the republican movement caused by the Queen's prolonged retirement. The Prince's active sympathy with social reform; his interest in sport, music, and the stage; and his concern with the fighting Services, must also be left to readers of the volume. But attention may be drawn to the personal friendships which he formed and his care for the interests both of friends and of members of his staff. Loyalty to his friends, he wrote to Lord Granville in 1882, was the one great principle in life from which he would never waver—and there are many proofs in the text that he never did.

The book is exhaustive, yet not exhausting, and will, indeed, whet the appetite of most of its readers for the concluding volume, in which the all too brief reign which followed the long apprenticeship to kingship is narrated.

Books.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES (1864-1894). By S. BARING-GOULD. John Lane. 16*s*. net.

BARING-GOULD, as one of the veterans of literature, leaves many "memories" of men and life that will be read with the keenest interest and pleasure.

We used to open one of his early novels with the anticipation of enjoying a vigorous romance of human emotions: "strong meat," as it seemed in those far-away, old days, not to be tasted by the "young person." The humanity and the romance still live.

It was his virile and broad-minded love of man that led the vicar to his lifelong burrowings into ballad-lore, simple songs of the simple folk. I can still see that big, noble head of his, and the open, penetrating eyes, as in a London lodging house, some twenty years ago, he told me of many an hour spent with an old pipe in the village "pub," listening patiently to smart yokels proudly "giving a turn" from the "halls," until, at long last, the ancient in the ingle, his youth awakened by honest ale, would "oblige" the company with one of those priceless naïve verse-tales from the back of beyond, never before heard by one who knew its historic or poetic worth.

In this volume Gould explains, and justifies, the "improved" text he made for the charming *Song-Books* issued with Cecil Sharp—to preserve the traditional Tudor and Stuart airs—as did Burns and Scott. Yet I was glad to know he had kept the words—taken down as the gaffer sang, many of which he sent me after our talk.

The *Reminiscences* are full of heart-talks between the hedges:—"MR. Beelzebub," cried the trembling drunkard, "I know thou art a gentleman. We are both gentlemen. I see you be one, for you've drawed on your clothes when you've come to Horbury. Down below 'tis hot and you don't want any—but above it's cold—and for de'ncy sake you put 'em on." Baffled by "clay in the souls of the East Angles," he "got on very well with 'the Yorkshire folk,' but lost his heart in the West country."

There is much here, too, of shrewd and humorous insight: of Rome, the German officer, and the Belgian with cash in hand, who says, "Now, I will buy a picture." A man of the world, yet fully conscious of his high calling, and always ready to laugh or weep with his flock.

MY STORY. By ARTHUR LAMBTON. Hurst and Blackett. 18*s*.

MR. ARTHUR LAMBTON'S autobiography or reminiscences—the book comes within both categories—raises this question: "Is a son ever justified in pillorying his father before the whole world, no matter how badly that father has wronged him?" Many people will consider

that Mr. Lambton has committed something more serious than an error in taste. His father, General Lambton, great-uncle of the present Earl of Durham and a notable soldier in his day, did not marry his mother until after the birth of three children, of whom Mr. Lambton was the eldest. The knowledge that he was illegitimate did not come to him until he was grown up. Further than this, the father had a *liaison* with Ada Wilson, a famous *demi-mondaine*, upon whom he spent more than half his fortune. At his death General Lambton left everything to his widow, making no provision for his children. All this Mr. Lambton sets out with a bitterness which increases as the story proceeds; until, finally, it at least suggests the flavour of venom. Many passages in the book are painful, especially the conversations recorded between his father and himself. On the other hand, there is much that will appeal to the lovers of scandal and gossip, notably Mr. Lambton's experiences at Theobalds as secretary to the late Sir Henry Meux. He found, as Lord Marcus Beresford had warned him, "that no gentleman could support the position or Lady Meux's insults." There were fights in the billiard room every Sunday evening. Drinking was so heavy that "one night, at dinner, a certain lord overbalanced his chair and subsided into the fender. He sustained no injury, and seemed so happy there that no effort was made to disturb him . . . . and the footmen stepped over his prostrate form, handing dishes to the unheeding guests."

SOME REMINISCENCES. By SIR LIONEL PHILLIPS, BART. Hutchinson and Co. 18s. net.

IN 1905, when Mr. Lionel Phillips was canvassing North Paddington as prospective Conservative candidate at the impending General Election, his greatest attraction for the masses was the fact that he had once been sentenced to be hanged. His volume of reminiscences will probably prove to be in similar case; parts of it will attract facile attention, solely because its author was the leader of the Johannesburg "revolutionaries" at the time of the Jameson Raid, and was one of the four subsequently condemned to death, with inspired ferocity, by Judge Gregorowski. All that was nearly thirty years ago; but South African memory and prejudice die hard, and the full story of the ill-fated expedition has not even now been told. Yet the book deserves to be read on account of more solid qualities, for the author's narrative of his life comes, unconsciously, to be a history of the mining industry in South Africa—first on the Kimberley diamond fields, and later on the gold mines of the Rand. His whole career has been bound up with that industry (and since 1888 with the great firm of Wernher, Beit, and Co.); and even his incursions into politics—both in England and in South Africa—were prompted by care for its interests. It is curious to notice how Fate played with him in the matter of "habitations enforced." He first went to South Africa fifty years ago (in 1875), at the age of twenty; just over twenty years later, the Raid rendered the Transvaal impossible for him, and he had to retrace his steps to England, seemingly for good and all. Circumstances were wholly altered by the Boer War, however, and he found it necessary,

in 1906, to resume his post on the Rand, again expecting the move to be final; but at the end of 1913 he was shot at, and seriously wounded, in Johannesburg and in broad daylight, by a lunatic whom he had once befriended, and the subsequent state of his health made a return to England imperative. With the outbreak of the Great War, this once more appeared as if it must be the final transplanting; but the call of South Africa has triumphed in the end, for he now announces his decision to take up his permanent residence there this year—not, it is to be hoped, merely to play the ineffective part of *laudator temporis acti*. The book is free from indiscretion or rancour, and provides a sober commentary on the rise of the mining industry in South Africa, and on its influence in local and Imperial politics during the past half century.

FICTION.

DOMINION. By JOHN PRESLAND. Philip Allan and Co. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MR. PRESLAND has dared a good deal in his novel of Cecil Rhodes and the abortive Jameson Raid which "upset the applecart"; he mingles, in this epic, fact and fiction without confusing the actual issue but chiefly supplying the figures of two contrasting women who may be said to represent the contending angels for the soul of the colossus. Evelyn Maltravers and Jane Walker are extremely well-conceived figures devoid of any theatricality and used with the utmost discretion in this quasi-historical epic. Rhodes' big ideas and long views, Dr. Jim's selfless loyalty, the soldierly honesty of Colonel Rhodes, the sagacity of Beit, and the more or less wavering enthusiasms and interests of the Johannesburg Committee, are brought out with a measure of living freshness difficult enough after this lapse of time. The betrayal of the secret design by a woman, frustrated in her desire for social and political influence, is a quite credible feature, though the long drift towards disaster, arising from the divided counsels, and Rhodes' ambiguous promises, hardly need an imported informer. Rhodes himself is an extraordinarily good figure. The grandiosity as well as the true greatness of the man, his fortuitousness as well as his force, and his basic humanity are admirably pictured. *Dominion* is, in short, a story of unusual quality, as well as a careful historical study, written with a sane sense of actuality, stirring and picturesque.

MARTIN ARROWSMITH. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. Jonathan Cape. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS' new novel is a long book and a strong book without being a book altogether; that is to say, it is too diffuse to be a work of art—indeed, the writer aims rather at exposition than unity. The career of Martin Arrowsmith—a boy of the people with something stubbornly sincere in his make-up—is the central thread, upon which complete scathing studies of medical education, practice, and ideals hang in a set of vivid pictures of college, hospital, prairie town, large town, Chicago and New York millionaires, and research institutes, each illuminated by a set of characters which unsparingly dissect the foibles, ambitions, conventions, and acceptances of the America of to-day. More

than in *Main Street* or in *Babbitt* does Mr. Lewis let himself go in the exposure of childishness and greed, because the conflict between the scientific mind and the quack is the fight between light and darkness itself, and not a grotesque competition in greys and piebalds. Add to this an epic struggle against plague in a West Indian island, two marriages, a tremendous social climb, and a final reversion to the austere mistress of his life—the pursuit of the truth behind the phenomenon—and you get some idea of the scope and scheme of a most astonishing study. The story bristles with the nomenclature of the new chemistry and biology, with vivid American slang, with a procession of convincing actualities, with surprise, and with the grace of soliloquy to keep Martin Arrowsmith lovable.

LITERATURE.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON. Cambridge Press. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

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POLITICS.

LIFE IN THE OCCUPIED AREA. By KATHARINE TYNAN. Hutchinson. 18*s.* net.

FOR the tired folk, longing to resume world-friendliness, Katharine Tynan's "good words" of enemy-peoples will be a message of hope. From Cologne, the Baltic sea-board, even the "occupied" Ruhr, she has spoken intimately, with the personal touches that make literature, without a hint of bitterness. Occasion for tears there are inevitably; but the light, easy flow of her kindly pen, at once gracious and urbane, supplies a vivid and detailed picture of places and people we have been long looking at with other eyes.

There is no need, perhaps, to insist that she has been entirely misled: to dwell, in dread, upon fires still smouldering beneath the quietly borne forced mingling of those who hate.

If it burst, and we have not yet contrived security against explosion, this well-written, human "tale of a pause" will remain, none the less, a faithful record of some historic worth; eminently readable meanwhile.

WHAT IS CAPITAL? By HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Nash. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is the question asked by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in a little volume whose intrinsic value far exceeds its modest price. The reply given by the author is that capital is of two kinds: "available" and "potential." The first is everything in existence useful to mankind: the second, the power which—"solely by the aid of available capital, that is, by the aid of capital already created"—produces, or assists to produce, those utilities. The work of the manual labourer, the knowledge of the man of science, the calculation of the mathematician, the organising faculty of the manager of a factory, and all latent or dormant energies and substances, which by that aid can be turned into something that can be used or enjoyed—"all these are potential capital." Again, "the amount of available capital in any country governs the amount of potential capital that can be employed, or released, to create more available capital," and "wages are finally determined, not by the decrees of trade unions, but according to fluctuations in available capital." In a Socialist state, no one has any interest in saving, and available capital is, therefore, swiftly expended, with the results of

famine, anarchy, and ruin, which we see in Russia. But who are the capitalists? They include everyone, from Ford, the American millionaire, to Hodge, the agricultural labourer, who possesses something tending to use or enjoyment. Hodge requires a spade wherewith to dig waste land. If that be his property, he is a capitalist, just as the owner of a stone axe in the age of palæolithic man was a capitalist. Thus, no line can be drawn between the labourer with but sixpence in the world and the millionaire. Each is at the end of an ascending, or descending, scale. "He who uses the terms 'capital' and 'labour' in their present general signification as opposites is using diseased words that infect his mind with poisoned thought." It will be seen that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones deals with fundamentals, and whoever sets fundamentals forth justly renders good service to civilisation. The author of this book thinks, and to all capable of thought we recommend its perusal.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

OUR PREHISTORIC FORERUNNERS. By C. E. VULLIAMY, F.R.G.S. The Bodley Head. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE recent discovery in Rhodesia of a prehistoric skull that puts the *Eoanthropus Dawsoni* (the Piltdown man) and the *Pithecanthropus Erectus* of Java in the shade by many thousands of years, has awakened popular interest in the study of anthropology. Mr. Vulliamy's book, therefore, makes a timely appearance. In this survey of prehistoric man he does not pretend to go into the subject exhaustively; his aim is to summarise all that has been written about our forerunners of past ages and to present a concise and lucid account. With his appetite whetted for more knowledge, the reader may pursue his studies in the works of Lord Avebury, Sir J. G. Fraser, Sir Arthur Keith, J. M. Tyler, Edward Clodd, and other authorities. Of particular interest are those chapters that deal with the primitive mind and primitive society, with the rites and ceremonials that have formed the basis of the world's religions. We are careful to note, however, that the author is not prepared to lend himself entirely to certain current theories with regard to the spread of culture, theories that are plausible but not of

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Fifteen years' study and investigation into this important literary question produces this volume, which is sure to receive a respectful attention. The author, with many years' experience in English law, has endeavoured to put his case clearly and convincingly, supplying ample quotations and references, and also a full Index.

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great scientific value. A no less interesting feature of this book is the section which treats of Field Archæology. The seeker after remains of Palæolithic and Neolithic Man will find here admirable advice on the matter of research work afield. Mr. Vulliamy writes from actual experience, and his words are calculated to arouse enthusiasm in the minds of many amateur archæologists. To this end the excellent illustrations of flint implements and other prehistoric remains greatly contribute. There is, further, a comprehensive bibliography and a list of technical terms.

THE GROWTH OF THE MIND. By PROFESSOR KURT KOFFKA. Translated by R. M. OGDEN. Kegan Paul. 15*s*. net.

THE subject of child-psychology has of late years attracted a continually increasing amount of attention, alike from the amateur and the expert. The translation of an attempt by such a well-known authority as Professor Koffka, to expound "the hypothesis of the Gestalt-Psychologie," will therefore be welcomed by both the classes of readers to whom it is addressed: the "teachers" and his "scientific colleagues." The author admits that "a genetic psychology" is yet to be found: the problem being to discover its "evolutionary principles," since those hitherto used have been derived from "experimental or animal psychology." The expert studies "the behaviour of living creatures in their contact with the outer world," hoping thus "to promote, to check, and to direct the course of human life," by "perfecting the configurations in which both the phenomena of consciousness and the functions of the organism go hand in hand": that is, by perfecting self-control. It is obviously more difficult to study "a simple, inefficient child" than "the highly complex and efficient man," who is the product of its growth; and here, we note, the Professor admits himself largely at sea without "the mother" to assist. This book, in fact, is a very suggestive and helpful "introduction to the principles" that should direct study. It does not pretend to "solve riddles" or "answer questions," so much as "to point out a way in which the solution can be attained."

We regret that in our review of Mr. St. Clare Grondona's *The Kangaroo Keeps on Talking* last month, the publisher's name was incorrectly given. The volume is issued by the Author, under the registered name of The Victoria Publishing House, Australia House, Strand.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Oldest France

By Oliver Madox Hueffer

(Page 554).

Empire Notes

State-owned Shipping

THE decision of the Australian Government to dispose of the Commonwealth Line fleet affords a fresh illustration of the disadvantages of State trading in competition with private enterprise. During the war and in the subsequent brief period of activity when there was still a world shortage of shipping the Commonwealth Line was able to make large profits, and this temporary prosperity encouraged the Hughes Government to order a number of new vessels at a time when shipbuilding costs were almost at their highest level. With the coming of the protracted depression in world trade, from which we are so slowly recovering, the position of the Australian State shipping line rapidly changed for the worse, and its troubles were accentuated by the demands of Labour and by the political pressure which was exerted in favour of the maintenance of uneconomic conditions of wages and employment and by frequent and protracted labour troubles at the Australian ports. Even the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, which was

managed in a way that more closely approximated to the conditions under which private enterprise operates, was unable to avoid heavy losses. Indeed, like many other expedients which may have been necessary during the war, the State ownership of shipping has been conclusively demonstrated to be as costly and inefficient as Socialistic projects invariably prove in actual practice.

Imperial Economic Committee

THE completion of the Imperial Economic Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Halford Mackinder, whose work as chairman of the Imperial Shipping Committee is well known, inaugurates an interesting attempt to discover some practical method of improving intra-Empire trade without recourse to preferential tariffs. The first task of the Committee is to consider the cases of meat and fruit and to suggest ways of utilising the sum which the Imperial Government has promised to set aside for the stimulation of intra-Empire trade. We have on previous occasions expressed regret that the policy of Preference has been to a large extent thrown overboard, but, although we feel that the task of the Imperial Economic Committee has been rendered very much more difficult by the inhibition of the use of this weapon, we hope that it will be possible to discover other means of doing something to assist the marketing of oversea produce in this country and so make some effective return for the great benefits conferred on British manufacturers by the preferences accorded to our goods in the Dominions and in some of the Colonies. Perhaps the chief difficulties to be overcome are to ensure that the producer, and not the middleman or the shipowner, shall receive the intended benefit, and to distribute any such benefit without provoking protests and claims from oversea exporters of products other than those so favoured. These are serious pitfalls, but the personnel of the Committee encourages the hope that they will not be overlooked when any suggested plan is under consideration.

Outlook in South Africa

WITHOUT wishing to be pessimistic, it is difficult to regard the trend of events in South Africa without anxiety. The Nationalist-Labour Government, after a protracted period of quiescence, during which it was taking bearings and formulat-

ing measures to give effect to the somewhat vague policies for which it stood while in opposition, has begun to introduce legislation which is highly contentious and may have serious consequences, both political and economic. It has wisely agreed to a suggestion put forward by General Smuts that the Colour Bar Bill should be referred to a select committee, but it is to be feared that neither wing of its supporters realises the wisdom of a recent warning by the ex-Prime Minister as to the danger of incurring the implacable hatred of hundreds of millions of Asiatics. In the administrative sphere recent events have also occasioned much uneasiness amongst the English-speaking South Africans. It is felt that a policy of eliminating non-Dutch civil servants is being followed wherever possible, and that something resembling a system of patronage is being introduced. Taken by itself, the resolution recently passed by the Assembly against the grant of titles would not have had much significance, since similar resolutions are introduced from time to time in Canada and Australia, where the possession of a title has for a number of years been regarded as somewhat of a handicap to politicians, but in conjunction with other happenings it is symptomatic of a state of affairs which is not altogether reassuring.

Empire Wireless

UNACCOUNTABLE delays still continue in connection with the establishment of the long-range wireless stations in Britain which are to communicate with the stations being erected in the Dominions. According to a telegram from the Cape Town correspondent of *The Times*, there is justifiable dissatisfaction in the Union at the fact that the site for the station which is to work with the powerful installation now being built at the Cape has not yet been definitely selected. It is high time that a serious effort was made to expedite the completion of all the stations needed at this end of the lines of wireless communication with the Dominions, some of which may soon find themselves equipped with expensive plant which is idle for lack of the corresponding British station.

The Oldest France

By Oliver Madox Hueffer

At a time when a good many English people seem to be re-adopting the views held by their grandfathers that the French people are incurably restless and revolutionary, eager for military adventure and striving for the hegemony of Europe at whatever cost, it is not without interest to recall that within the British Empire is a living object lesson that fundamentally they are nothing of the sort. Yet the Province of Quebec provides a study of real French psychology not less illuminating than any to be found on the banks of the Seine.

In marked contrast to the trend in the forthfaring Anglo-Saxon to develop along his own lines in advance or at least in another direction from the Mother country, the French Canadian has stayed as he began, leaving old France to make such hazardous experiments in progress. The dweller in rural Quebec has scarcely varied his ideals, outlook, and prejudices from those held by his ancestor who left Europe two centuries ago. It is scarcely too much to say that he approximates more nearly to a Norman farmer of the eighteenth century than to any contemporary Frenchman whatever.

Whereas the English who adventured overseas to seek their fortunes and, finding them, settled in the new country, were almost exclusively confined to the lower and middle classes, the French immigrant went out in communities, noble as well as simple, and so remained where they settled. The noble had his *seigneurie* granted by the Crown, and with him went the clergy, the professional men, the tenant farmer, the trader and the artisan, making a little group which had in it all the elements of stability, so that, except for topographical differences, the Canadian community differed little in design from that in old France. Again, where they settled there they remained. In the English Colonies the tendency was always to move further on in the hope that somewhere

beyond the hills more ideal conditions might be found. The settler in Quebec remained; the conditions pleased him, he was still in France, a France less oppressive and more full of promise, and there he was perfectly content to remain. Not even conquest by a foreign Power served to uproot him, and so while history was always violently in the making in his Mother Country, the *habitant* achieved that higher happiness of making no history at all.

That the transference of the province from France to England a century and a half ago was accepted with a decent resignation was largely due to the good sense shown by the Government of George III in confirming local privileges and especially in safeguarding the existing religion. It is a matter of history how the people of Quebec showed their gratitude only a few years later by rejecting the pleadings of the revolting English Colonists who had less reason to be satisfied. Thereafter until very recently the French Canadian kept the even tenor of his way with occasional grumblings indeed, even occasional local rebellions, but on the whole quite as contented with his state as his fellow citizens of British stock. It was left for the World War to arouse the racial problem to any uncomfortable degree.

The Great War was not popular in Quebec. The French Canadian is devoted to his own home, his own people, his own farm and village, to his *pays* in a word. In outside things he takes very little interest. The murder of an Austrian archduke meant nothing at all to him, and that France should be at grips with Germany affected him little more, for, although he retains the language and the religion of old France, he cares nothing for the modern republic. His Church, which is to him a passion rather than a cult, has little reason to love the France of to-day, and he has readily accepted the verdict of his spiritual guides. Had the Prussian kingdom overwhelmed the republic of M. Poincaré, few French Canadians would have lost a night's sleep. Therefore when the rest of Canada was throbbing with martial ardour the old province was very much more interested in the probable effect of the war upon agricultural prices. Many of the younger men volunteered and fought with

the traditional gallantry of their race; general enthusiasm was markedly lacking.

In 1917, when Canada had already raised over four hundred thousand volunteers for her Expeditionary Forces, it was found that some form of compulsion was necessary to maintain the Armies in the field at their full strength. A Bill providing for compulsory service was introduced in Parliament at Ottawa and became law in August of that year. It was made more drastic as time passed, more particularly in April, 1918, as the result of the great German advance. The French Canadians strongly resented any such conscription, considering it a violation of their traditional privileges, and in 1918 a number of extremists, especially in the City of Quebec, attempted forcible resistance. The disturbances were repressed without much difficulty—owing to the strict censorship very little was heard of them outside the Province—but their effect upon French Canadian opinion was unfortunate. That it was also enduring has been since shown in more ways than one, especially, of course, at the polling booth. The French Canadian *Bloc* in the Dominion Parliament thus bids fair to remain permanent, the sixty-five members sitting for Quebec forming a little racial enclave, having for its sole fixed policy to "down the Government" and thereby for all practical purposes disenfranchising Quebec when nation-wide questions are involved.

To anyone who has lived in the rural districts of Quebec and has studied the local mentality it is not difficult to appreciate this instinct of "localism," for they are in a position unique in the history of the new world, though familiar enough in the old, one of great present difficulty and threatening even greater difficulties in the future. They find themselves a small, isolated nation, quite out of sympathy with the aims and ideals of the Anglo-Saxons all about them—in the United States as well as in Canada—and they are fated to see those ideals growing always more universal and more compelling.

We have been told that the peasant went on with his ploughing within sound of the battle of Waterloo. In the recent war the refugee peasantry flocked back to their ruined villages at the first rumours of a successful

advance. To the French peasant, who stands like the Canadian for old France as does the townsman for what is new, not France as a whole, but the little section of it he can see from his own church steeple, is everything. His life and energy are bound up in it; he wishes no change in it; as it was in his grandfather's time he would have it in his own. He is intensely suspicious of what we call progress, chiefly because he does not, and does not wish to, understand it, or the changes it may entail upon his beloved surroundings. He is avaricious, with an intense love of money for its own sake rather than for what it will buy. He dislikes all strangers because he suspects their intentions, especially those who come from the great cities.

Even in France the peasant has changed little in the last two centuries. In Canada he has changed not at all. He has been spared by the accident of conquest many forced experiments in enlightenment he must have endured had he stayed at home. The fidelity of the British Government to its plighted word has left his Church as powerful as it was in mediæval France, and no atheistic revolution has sought to wean him from his faith. There is probably no other country in the world to-day where you will find such unquestioning acceptance of Christianity as it is preached by the Church of Rome. There is certainly no other country where "conservatism" in its most absolute form is so absolute. If you doubt this ask any commercial traveller who has the hard lot of trying to sell new ideas in rural Quebec.

Unhappily for himself the *habitant* finds that all these things, conservatism, mistrust of strangers, and the new ideas they preach, even fidelity to religious beliefs, are out of fashion in this strange new world of which he is an unwilling member. He sees the rest of Canada growing more powerful, more populated, more aggressive every day. His mute plea that he be left alone to follow in his father's footsteps is drowned in alien catchwords in praise of progress.

Nor do the Crusaders of the New Order confine themselves to words. All around him the world is changing, swaying along new paths and dragging him with it. Even the political power to which he has clung as his one sheet

anchor against progress is being taken from him by the inexorable force of events. The political constitution of Canada, depending upon the British North America Act passed by the Imperial Parliament when the Dominion was established, is peculiar in that the representation of the several Provinces in the Dominion Parliament is based upon the population of Quebec. To the Province is allotted an unvarying quota of 65 members. If the census returns show that the Province of Alberta, say, has the same population it is entitled to the same number of seats as Ottawa. For every increase of population equalling one-sixty-fifth of that of Quebec it is entitled to another member. The increase of population in Canada tends always towards the West. The more enterprising immigrants make their way thither; the great industrial cities are in the British Provinces; in another half-century the population of French Canada may very well be almost negligible compared to the English-speaking Provinces of the Prairies and the Pacific. It is true that the French Canadians are also increasing; from six hundred thousand at the time of the conquest they have grown to nearly three million. They indulge in large families; it is the rule rather than the exception for a farmer to have ten or a dozen children. As agriculturists their realm is all the time expanding. In the frontier districts, for example, formerly largely farmed by Anglo-Saxons, French Canadians are buying many of the outlying farms, with capital, it is said, largely advanced to them by the priests. Thus, while the towns tend to grow more English, the surrounding districts become steadily more French. But the *habitant* remains wedded to agriculture. Montreal, the largest city in Canada, which happens to be in the Province of Quebec, has become great through the enterprise of its English-speaking inhabitants based upon its geographical advantages as a port. The rest of the Province is sprinkled with small villages and market towns, centres for the surrounding farming districts, but seldom developing into industrial cities.

The problem of those leaders, ecclesiastical and political, who see in her voting-power Quebec's one hope of withstanding the tide of Anglo-Saxondom, is complicated by the rooted suspicion felt by the farmers towards

the census. Many of them firmly believe that it exists merely for the purposes of conscription, as the easiest way of helping the recruiting sergeant to trace their sons. This belief was—and probably is still—fostered by agitators, who lose no chance of impressing upon the credulous peasantry that the Empire is preparing for another great war, in which French-Canadian blood will be the first to flow. Accordingly, many heads of families do everything in their power to conceal the increase in their households by falsifying their census returns, with the result that the Provincial population figures as smaller than is actually the case, and its proportionate political power suffers accordingly.

A striking trait in the French-Canadian is that he is more loyal to the British Government than to the Dominion authorities at Ottawa. For a century and a half the Crown has kept faith with him, respecting his privileges and attacking neither his religious faith nor the vast powers wielded by the Church. His conservatism bids him hold fast to what he has tested rather than trust the new men who seek to govern him from Ottawa. This was well illustrated by Mr. Taschereau, then Premier of the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, in a speech made by him on the occasion of his admittance to the Doctorate of Law at Toronto University. It has been widely mooted in certain Provinces that the appeal from the Dominion Courts to the British Privy Council should be abolished, as tending to nullify the claim of Canada to be in all things a self-governing State. The French-Canadians will not hear of such a revolution. The Privy Council has always treated them fairly, scrupulously respecting their rights; they prefer to incur the expense and delays of carrying a case to Westminster rather than to have it settled for them within a couple of hundred miles of their homes by men in whom they lack confidence, whom, indeed, they openly accuse of designs against their language, their faith and their independence.

Apart from his other excellent qualities, the French-Canadian is a valuable citizen, especially in a new country such as Canada. While he cannot permanently check the wheels of progress, he can and does prevent their turning too fast and involving rash experiments in legislation, such

as are apt to occur elsewhere on the American Continent. The Provincial attitude towards Prohibition is a case in point. When practically all Anglo-Saxon America rushed into the great experiment, with very little idea of how it would develop, Quebec held aloof, preferring to watch the progress of measures elsewhere adopted without committing herself. The result has justified her caution. One by one her sister Provinces are coming back into line with her, to find that not only has she escaped many difficulties, but has actually made a very handsome profit—more than thirty million dollars directly, and five times that amount indirectly, in twelve months. Thirsty Americans cross the border at every available opportunity; new hotels are springing up in her cities; wealthy folk from "dry" areas are buying and leasing houses in the fashionable districts of Montreal, and, unless Prohibition is given up in the United States, the Old Province bids fair to become incomparably the most prosperous tourist centre on the continent.

The French-Canadian is not alone in resenting his isolation as a small community forming part of an increasing nation of different aims and methods. He is, I imagine, unique in that he wishes no change from his present conditions, and is to-day fighting as stubbornly for the maintenance of the Old Order as were, let us say, until recently, the Irish for the New. It seems less and less likely as the years pass that the Dominion will ever "cut the painter," but rather that she will insist upon taking a larger share in the common heritage of the Empire. We may be certain, at least, that the spirit of secession will take no root in rural Quebec, and were there but one man left in all the Dominion loyal to the Imperial ideal it would be only in the nature of things were he to be a French-Canadian. Thus he would show himself characteristically French, at heart the most conservative of peoples, the most averse to change and to adventuring into the unknown, the most loyal to Things as They Are, when They Are as he holds They Should Be.

It must never be forgotten that Paris is not France.